

# Italy

## I. Italian Life in Town & Country

By Hamilton Fyfe

Special Correspondent in Italy of "The Daily Mail"

**S**TRANGE are the trifling accidents which shape our opinions about our fellow-men. Because a certain number of Italians came to England as organ-grinders and ice-cream men, the whole of their fellow-countrymen were regarded by many English people with good-humoured tolerance. They were thought of as children. There was perhaps some excuse for this in the childlike demeanour of the Italian abroad. At home a shrewd and calculating and rather sceptical character, he was apt to be bewildered amid foreign surroundings. He did not learn English easily; he seldom spoke it well when he had learned it.

At the same time the British drama and novel circulated among a different class the impression that Italians, especially titled Italians, were as a rule spies, like the Countess Zicka in "Diplomacy," or ruffians like Macari in "Called Back," adventuresses, blackmailers, thieves.

All this was the more surprising for the reason that ever since the sixteenth century Italy has been the land in which Englishmen have most travelled; the land, too, which has awakened more

sympathy, more passionate devotion, than any other among men and women of British blood. At all times there have been a few English admirers of Italy who have known her and her people intimately. English colonies in Rome and Florence have existed for generations. The Italian manner of life has fascinated Englishmen from the days of Elizabeth, when the proverb said that "Inglese Italianato e diavolo incarnato" (an Italianised Englishman is the very devil). The best books on the country in our own time have been written by those who, like Mr. Richard Bagot, Miss Helen Zimmern, Mr. Edward Hutton, have made their homes there. They and

others who have borne true witness have striven of late to give their countrymen a juster view of the Italian people, but much yet remains to be done before the old misconceptions can be wiped out.

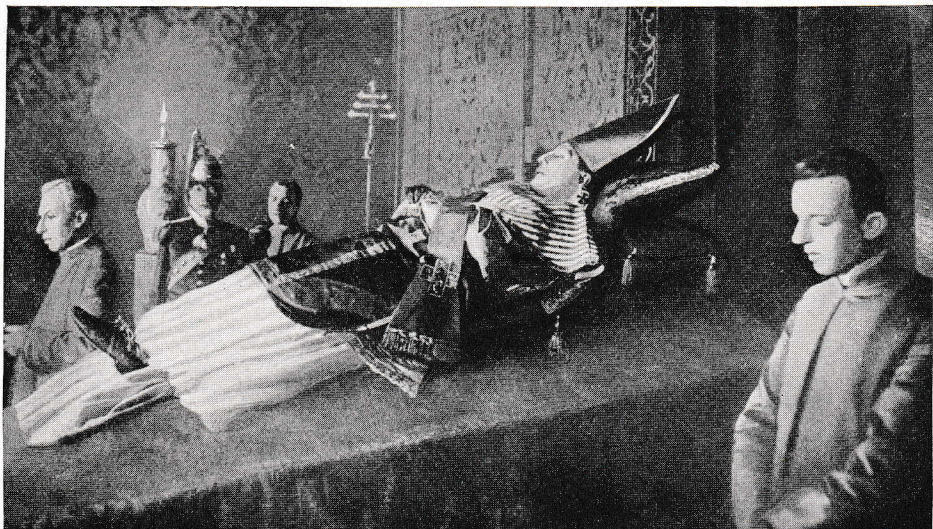
There is this added difficulty facing them, that the Italian people appear to be changing more rapidly than any other, and that what might have been quite true even so lately as twenty years ago would be misleading, and colour the picture wrongly to-day. This change



DÉBUTANTE FROM CALABRIA

Her garments bright as her own eyes, and her fingers busy with her knitting, this demure maiden comes from the most southerly part of Italy





#### THE PASSING OF A PONTIFF OF ROME

Robed in full pontificals—the stole, the dalmatic, the gloves, the pallium, the ring, the chasuble, and the gold mitre—the body of Pope Benedict XV., the occupant of the Chair of S. Peter during the Great War, is here seen lying in the Throne Room of the Vatican preparatory to being borne to S. Peter's for the lying-in-state in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament

is not so wonderful if we recollect that it was only in 1870 that the Italians became one people. Up to the struggle for unity, which began to attract the world's attention in 1848, there had been many separate and distinct populations in Italy, so distinct that they spoke different languages, dialects so varied that a Roman could not understand the Venetian patois, nor a Sicilian find any medium of conversation with a Milanese.

When the union of the whole peninsula was completed, a famous Italian remarked with truth as well as humour, "Now that we have made Italy, we must set to work and make an Italian People." This the rulers of Italy, with the aid of the people, have done, and the achievement may be set off fairly against many things which, for the people's welfare, they had better not have done. Whether the individual is any better off for the unification is a question that has been exhaustively discussed. The discussion has not led to any agreement. There was a great deal of corruption and misgovernment in the states which were ruled by the Pope, the King of Naples, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Emperor of Austria. Yet

it may be that the peasant felt the burden of his obligations less than he does to-day.

Some observers, among them those famous French writers the brothers De Goncourt, have even pitied the people for the loss of their old governments!

If, however, we would judge for ourselves we must look at the facts as they present themselves to the average observer. In every town and village in Italy one sees shops labelled "Tobacco, Salt, and Stamps." Why should salt be bought at a tobacco shop instead of at the grocer's? The reason is that salt has to pay a heavy tax, and is also a Government monopoly, like tobacco. Both human beings and animals suffer from the high price of salt. Sugar is taxed heavily as well, which prevents Italian fruit from being made into jam and Italian oranges into marmalade in Italy. Large quantities of fruit are sent into Switzerland and turned into preserve there.

Then, besides the duties which are exacted at the frontier on all articles coming into the country from abroad, there is a tax on articles of food for household usage taken into any town. One consequence of this burdensome



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taxation is a great deal of fraud. There is a proverb which says in effect that "as soon as a law is passed, it is time to think how it can be evaded." For example, when the octroi officials come into a tram passing through a town gate all the passengers are ready to help those who have something to hide. A countrywoman will put her basket of eggs under the skirts of her well-dressed neighbour. A professor will conceal with his voluminous cloak a bottle of some local liqueur that a farmer is taking in as a present to his married daughter. The tax on wine shops is

evaded by setting outside the house where wine is sold a board with white and black balls painted on it, indicating to those who understand "White and red wine sold here." (Red wine is called black in Italy—*vino nero*.)

In some parts the taxes on land are evaded by an ingenious but simple device. The cultivator finds that, hard as he may work, the land will not yield enough to satisfy both the needs of his family and the demands of the tax-collector. As for improving the land, that is altogether beyond him. So his little property is seized and put up to



**HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI. ON HIS WAY TO CHURCH**

This unusual photograph was taken of Pius XI. when on his way to attend service at the Cathedral Church of S. Peter in Rome. On his election, and again after his coronation, he created a precedent by appearing on the balcony of S. Peter's, whence he blessed the crowd in the square below. He was the first Pope to be seen in public since the abolition of the temporal power in 1870





#### WOMEN FASCISTI ON PARADE WEARING THE FAMOUS BLACK SHIRTS

Fascismo, one of the most remarkable products of the Great War, had for its chief aim the securing for Italy of "the full moral and material fruits of victory." The movement, primarily a patriotic reaction of the youth of Italy against the menace of Bolshevism, was begun in Milan in 1919, and quickly spread through the community; a striking feature being the enthusiasm of women for the cause

*Photo, Bartlett, Rome*

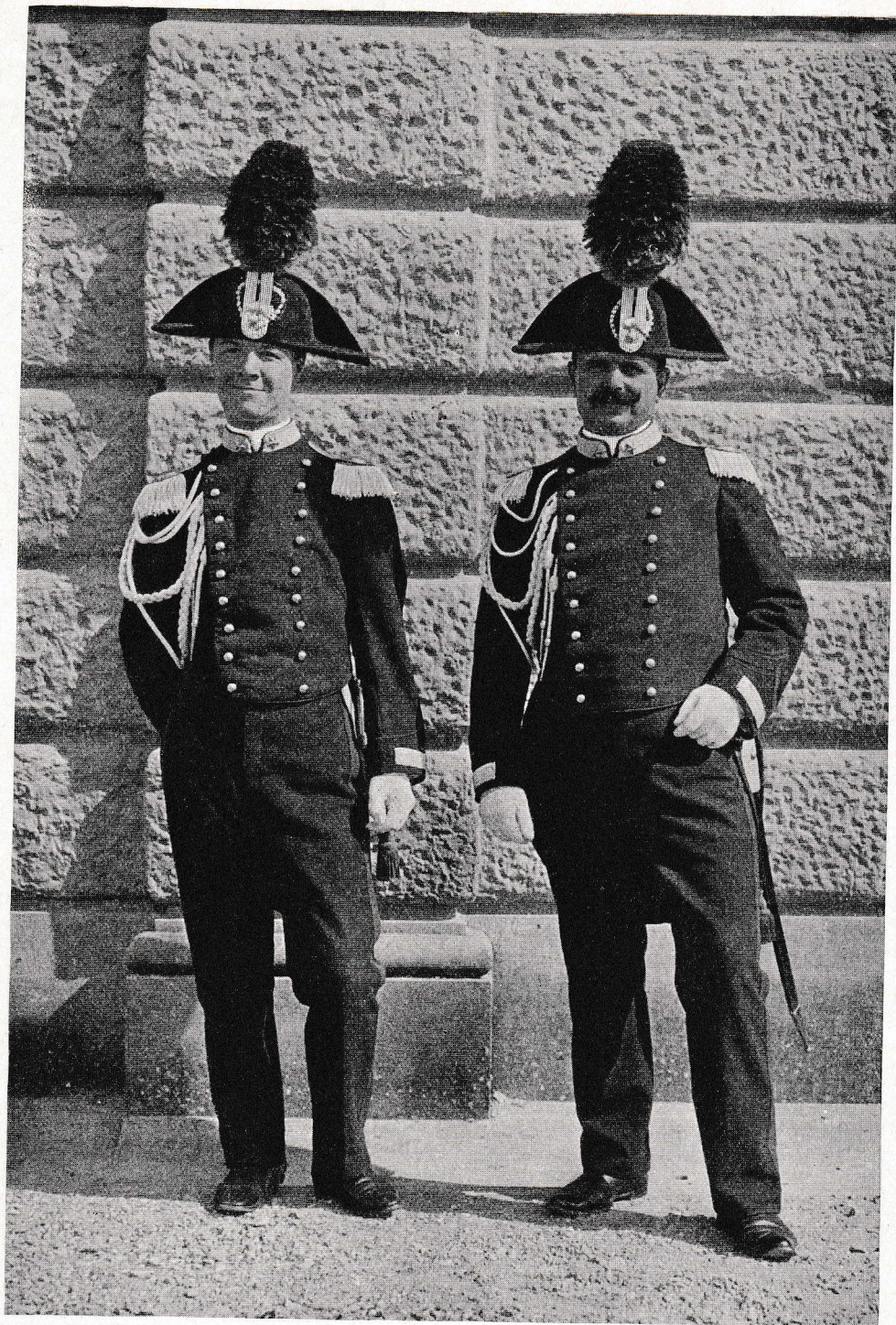


#### AT AN INSPECTION OF THE PATRIOTIC REVOLUTIONARIES OF ITALY

Many able, patriotic men belong to the Fascisti movement, which brought the most rigid discipline into the national life of Italy. Benito Mussolini, its founder, the son of a blacksmith of the Romagna, has been termed the "strong man of Italy," and this resolute leader of a powerful organization became, as Prime Minister, intent on purging Italian politics and restoring the prestige of Government

*Photo, Vaucher, Rome*





#### STALWARTS OF ITALY'S HIGHLY EFFICIENT POLICE FORCE

The Carabinieri police are easily recognized by their gorgeous uniform of black, red, and gold, and their three-cornered plumed hats. A military force, recruited by selection from the army, they are fine and efficient men, who patrol the country day and night, some mounted, some on foot, and by their indomitable courage and thorough reliability have done much to make travelling safe in Italy

*Photo, Donald McLeish*



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auction. There are no bids. The neighbours are afraid to buy. They know that a vendetta would follow. So the land becomes the property of the State, and then the original owner goes back to it and makes a better living than before, because now he is not asked for any taxes. He is a squatter, paying neither rent nor dues.

This general approval of fraud makes the people dishonest towards their neighbours as well as towards the Government. At the railway stations it used to be a regular practice for the

ticket-clerk to give wrong change. I hit upon a method of meeting this. Instead of trying quickly to count over the change I received, I would stand at the booking-office window and continue to hold out my hand. I almost always got some more change. Sometimes, if I thought the ticket-clerk looked more villainous than most, I would wait for a third instalment, and even get that.

There is a good deal of fraud in the dealings with landlords by peasants who farm land on the sharing system.



### PRIVATES OF THE BERSAGLIERI, A CRACK LIGHT INFANTRY REGIMENT

Besides the ordinary regiments of the Italian army there are several bodies of troops recruited for special purposes. Chief among these are the Bersaglieri, or riflemen, extremely mobile soldiers, with small, agile frames admirably adapted for skirmishing and scouting. A regiment of Bersaglieri, consisting of three battalions of infantry and one of cyclists, is usually attached to each army corps

*Photo, Donald McLeish*





#### ITALIAN DRAGOONS: THE PRIDE OF THE PEOPLE

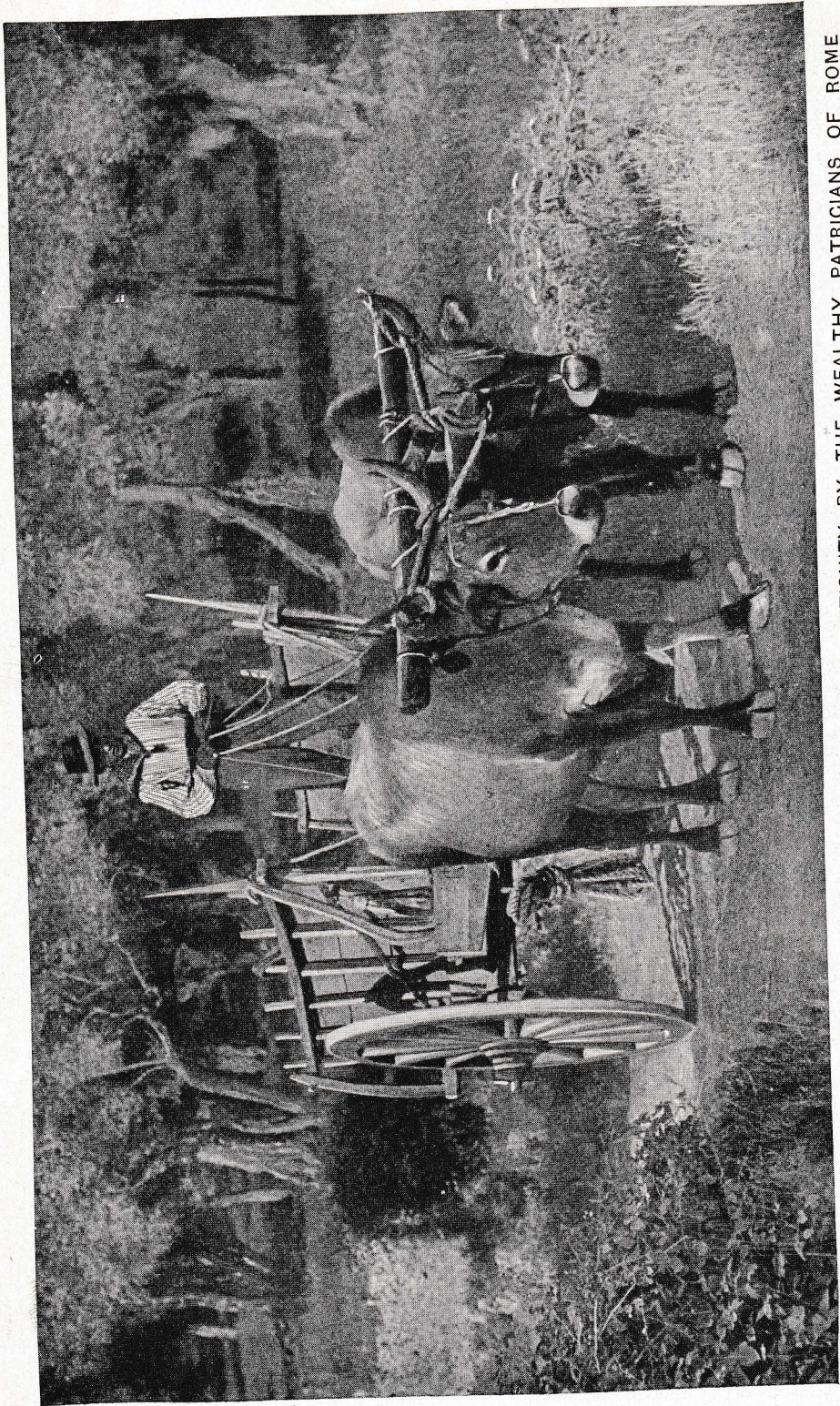
In Italy, where conscription is in force, all who have reached the age of twenty are obliged to join either the army or the navy. Stalwart specimens of humanity, chiefly recruited from the peasantry, are to be found in the cavalry regiments, where smartness and a fine physique stamp each individual trooper, and the splendid horsemanship of the Italian cavalry is famous throughout Europe

*Photo, Donald McLeish*

Owner and cultivator are supposed to share the produce. But the owner has no means of knowing what the produce amounts to unless he is on the spot, or unless he employs an agent to look after his properties. What he often does in order to secure himself against robbery is to accept a certain yearly rent from a middle-man, who makes what he can over and above this rent out of the tenant. Thus the tenant is apt to be harshly treated, and the land suffers also from having more taken out of it than it can fairly yield. Sometimes both the tenant and the landlord are cheated by a greedy or underpaid

agent. But, on the whole, this system gives good results. It leads to a valuable kind of mixed cropping. The tenant, having to supply his family's daily needs as well as to cultivate grapes and olives for the market—either selling them as they are or turning them into wine and oil—plants grain and vegetables in the vineyard and among the olive trees. As one travels through Tuscany one sees a great deal of this kind of cultivation, and notices that the people on the land are a contented-looking folk, with pleasant manners and comfortable houses and good clothes. Some of these "metayer" arrangements





**FRUITFUL CORNER OF THE PLAIN THAT WAS BELOVED IN ANTIQUITY BY THE WEALTHY PATRICIANS OF ROME**  
 The beautiful ruins of the towns and villas that cover the Roman Campagna attest its ancient splendour; even in its desolation the plain is an unforgettable sight, and many a visitor is of Ruskin's opinion that "perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light." But all is not ruin; where the volcanic nature of the soil is less virulent the vegetation is more luxuriant, and pasture-lands and pleasant groves of olive trees flourish on the ground that the patient peasant has reclaimed from the "wild and wasted plain."

*Photo, Donald McLeish*



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have been in force between the same landlords and the same families of peasants for centuries. The owner provides not only the land, but everything necessary for the working of it—farm buildings, farmhouse, cattle, seed, manure. He pays the taxes, too. The produce is divided equally, or is supposed to be. To ensure a just division the grain is threshed all at once and the sacks are separated on the spot.

The size of these small holdings is from fifteen to twenty-five acres. Certainly the people who live on them are far better off than the agricultural labourers who work for big farmers.

### Life on the Poverty Line

For two or three shillings a day, sometimes less than two, they are in the fields for very many hours. Often they have to live a long way off and to walk a long distance in the early morning and at night. Their work is seldom continuous. Their food is scanty and poor in quality. It is they who were the chief sufferers from pellagra, the wasting disease which used to be terribly common in Italy, but of which the ravages have been happily reduced by preventive measures. It is caused by lack of salt and by eating maize which is musty or damp, either from not having ripened properly before it is cut, or from being kept in a defective store.

On the whole, the Italian peasant is not so badly off as impassioned reformers are inclined to represent him. The condition of the day labourer is bad, but sometimes even he has alleviations of his hard lot when he works for a humane employer. He makes the most of small enjoyments, and as he is probably unable to read more than a very little, if at all, he is not tantalised by the thought of others who live in comfort and can work or not as they please.

One small enjoyment by which the labourer sets great store is his food. It is scanty enough, and would be found painfully monotonous by those who are accustomed to a pleasantly varied diet.

But over his breakfast of bread with a slice of rough cheese or a slice of sausage, over his dinner of beans with plenty of oil, and over the pasta (or macaroni) which he eats in the evening, with perhaps chestnuts cooked in some way to follow, he lingers with satisfaction, and eagerly gulps down his few mouthfuls of wine, and smokes his rank cigarette afterwards with the appreciation of a connoisseur.

### Fatalists who Live for the Day

Italians certainly know how to live for the moment and to squeeze the best out of the everyday routine of life. This is what makes them so cheerful and even so gay. They are not introspective. They are simple-minded, though perhaps not altogether simple-hearted. Every time I see the little farms and cottages on the slopes of Vesuvius I am astonished by the refusal of the folks who live in them to be kept away by the eruptions which happen from time to time, throwing out streams of molten lava to rush down the mountain-side and consume all that stands in their path. When this disaster occurs the people flee and their dwellings are destroyed. But as soon as the lava has cooled and the volcano has settled down to another period of quiet, back they go, rebuild, and settle in the jaws of death again.

### Organized Attempts at Betterment

Yet the Italian peasant, though he may not do much thinking, and though he is not imaginative, is not by any means a fool. "The man with the brains and the big boots" he has been called. Brains he has certainly, and since the Government decided that efforts must be made for the improvement of the soil and in the methods of tilling it, and the provincial authorities have tried to help cultivators, some betterment is to be marked. The landlords' agents are now often men who have studied agriculture. The small farmers of a district club together and buy agricultural machinery; or



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gunpowder for the dispersal of the hail-clouds, which, if they discharge their ammunition upon the vineyards or the standing crops, ruin utterly the year's labour; or insect-killer to save the fruit trees from devastation. Land banks and rural credit institutes are also proving of value.

The owners of large estates have here and there done a good deal themselves to improve the raising of crops, the breeding of beasts, the making of wine. This is a healthy change. It used to be considered beneath the dignity of an old family that its members should do any work. The combined pressure of poverty and common sense has altered the

ideas of the Italian aristocracy. It is far more rare than it was thirty years ago to find an old family living in the corners of a huge palace, eking out a tiny income, supporting its dignity at the expense of its back and belly by half starving itself and wearing the oldest clothes. Many landowners farm part of their fields themselves. Many

sons of the noblest families become lawyers or doctors, or go into business.

There is still, however, a "high society" more exclusive, less mixed with the newly-rich, than any that can be found in London or Paris. If you want to make acquaintance with this, you must provide yourself with



PROFESSIONAL LETTER-WRITERS OF THE ITALIAN CAPITAL

In countries where the percentage of illiteracy is high, as in a few provinces of Italy, the professional writer of letters plays an important part in local life. Here a woman is seen seated at a stall in the Campo di Fiori, Rome, where a rag fair is held, anxiously watching her agent at work, while in the nearer booth the two proprietors wait for custom.

Photo, C. Chichester





#### ON ONE OF THE NUMBERLESS ROADS LEADING TO ROME

A solemn majesty broods over the Roman Campagna, where on the green of the plain are scattered the magnificent arches of the Claudian Aqueduct and picturesque fragments of ruined villas and tombs. And silence reigns supreme in this immense space, broken only by the faint rumble of vehicles along its winding roads, or the far-away voices of shepherds guiding their sheep to some fresh pasturage



#### ROMAN IMPERIAL TRIUMPH IMMORTALISED IN STONE

Erected in A.D. 312 to commemorate the victory of Constantine the Great over Maxentius, this arch is one of the most imposing monuments of Rome. Under its trio of archways, with four fluted Corinthian columns on either front, passes many a Roman citizen with mind too engrossed with modern affairs to pay attention to the inscription and sculpture on this remnant of the ancient empire

*Photo, Underwood Press Service*



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irreproachable introductions, and then, if you make yourself agreeable, you will find it kindly and simply hospitable. You will be invited to five o'clock teas, to small evening receptions, perhaps to one of the infrequent entertainments on a large scale in one of the vast and magnificent palaces of Rome, Florence, Naples, or Genoa. In the long, lofty rooms, hung with tapestries or with

of the Third. It has struck out a line for itself. Modern Italy has tried to follow neither the skill in the art of government by the heavy-handed methods which the ancient Romans displayed, nor the pursuit of beauty which marked the Italy of Bellini and Titian, of Michelangelo and Della Robbia, of Cæsar Borgia, and of the bishop who ordered a tomb of jasper for



**OIL AND WINE SHOP IN THE WRECKAGE OF ANCIENT POMPEII**

Owing to the new methods of excavation employed in recent years many of Pompeii's hidden treasures have been brought to light in excellent condition. Two-storeyed houses, complete with balconies and windows, shrines still bearing the ashes of the last sacrifice, and various shops and public offices stand almost as they stood nineteen centuries ago before the city was overwhelmed

paintings by old masters, executed possibly to the order of the first owner, you understand why there is talk of "The Third Italy."

We all associate Rome with the Romans. That was the First Italy. But what Italy means to most of us derives rather from the art of the Quattrocento (the fourteenth century) and of the Renaissance than from the glories of Roman times. That was the Second Italy. Now we are watching the development

his own remains. Its triumphs are in the mechanical direction, electricity, wireless telegraphy, motors; in medical science and in surgery; in the measuring of the skies. It has thrown its energy also into industrial expansion. The north has become a region of factories turning out silk and cotton fabrics in enormous quantities, and other manufactures in smaller bulk.

This enterprise and material prosperity have brought into prominence numbers





#### WORKGIRLS OF NAPLES AT THEIR MIDDAY MEAL

These gaily-dressed Neapolitans are taking advantage of the weather to eat their lunch in the open. Their black hair gleams in the sunlight as they consume their plates of ravioli, a food made from a wheaten paste similar to that used for macaroni. The children crowd round in the hope of a spare morsel, and one worker has brought her baby and another her dog



#### POPULAR OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT ON THE QUAY OF NAPLES

The Neapolitan is primarily a democrat. With light-hearted irresponsibility he takes a share in the commercial activity of his sea-washed native town, then, hands in pockets, saunters along the quay and passes a few leisure moments at the alfresco restaurant presided over by a weather-beaten old sailor, whose voluble loquacity is sometimes even more attractive than his fare



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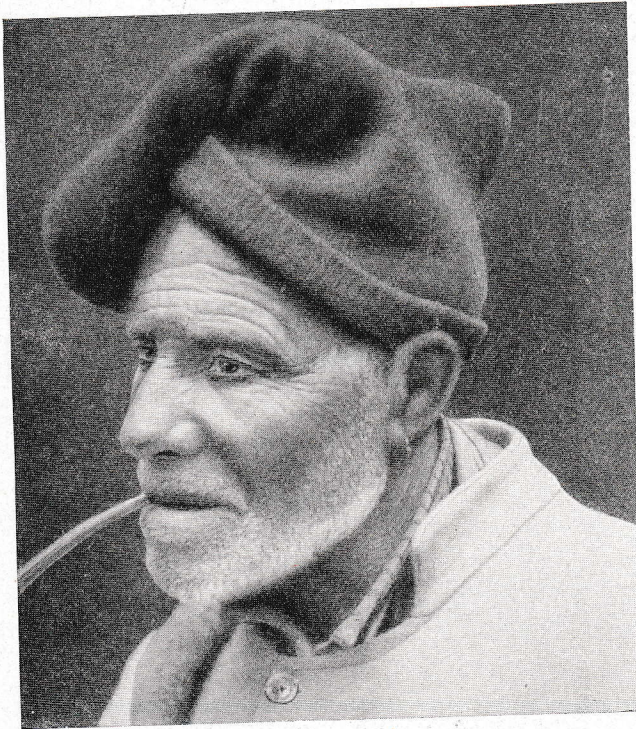
of "new men." But there has not yet been so complete an obliteration of the old lines of social demarcation as took place in England during the later years of the nineteenth century. Those who have inherited their money, along with some name and title made familiar by the prowess or the crimes of a long line of ancestors, still, upon occasion, show that they feel themselves to be of finer clay than those whose fortunes are of recent growth. Italian society is a pleasant society, graciously welcoming strangers who can produce their cards of entry properly signed, more intelligent than what is still called Society in London. In many ways it is imitative of the English—the women by their

which is practised on the Roman Campagna.

No better opportunity for seeing society in its English mood than a meet of the "Roman Society for the Hunting of the Fox." We have an invitation. Let us go. It is cold when the motor comes round after breakfast. A nip of frost in the air, welcome because invigorating. Just the ideal winter morning—ground white, sky blue, sunshine steady. We leave the city by the Gate of San Giovanni and speed along the new Appian Way.

At all hours, at all seasons of the year, the Campagna is serenely beautiful. In the charm which is nature's gift and in the warmth of human interest that history radiates, I know of no spot richer than this rolling plain of Rome, with the faintly pencilled Alban Hills against the skyline and the broken arches of the aqueduct across it; with its sheep-folds and pink-tiled farmhouses, its tombs and wayside inns, its dark, romantic groups of spreading pine. Sometimes the Campagna is a symphony stirring deep emotions; sometimes a sombre fugue, mysterious, even sinister. This morning, with every blade of grass a-glitter, it affects me like a gay ritornelle. Stop the car. Let us get out and walk, nay, run and jump fences. The air makes us feel like two-year-olds.

We have plenty of time. Here are the golf-links. We will tramp across



**GRIZZLED FISHERMAN OF SALERNO**

Wrinkled and weather-bitten by the salt sprays of the Tyrrhenian Sea, this old fisherman of Salerno has spent a long and healthy life catching tunny off the coasts of Sardinia, Sicily, and Elba

country clothes and efforts to take up open-air pastimes; the men by their clean-shaven faces, their studiously unobtrusive fashion of dress, their addiction to sports, such as fox-hunting, them—the very thing. Two Italian enthusiasts are playing an early round, more from a sense of duty, I am inclined to believe, than from any enthusiasm for the game. It is



# ITALIANS OF TO-DAY

## *In Ancient Rome & Venice*



*From shallow Venetian waters rises a small wooden shrine on which devout fisherfolk lay floral offerings in honour of the Blessed Virgin*

All photos, except that on page 3000, by Donald McLeish





*Architecture is prodigal in the City of the Sea, and the beautiful Scuola di San Marco is but one of the many immortal "Stones of Venice"*





*In the labyrinth of narrow waterways only the soft splash of the oar breaks the golden noonday hush of the silent city of Venice*





*Even the prosaic calling of the vegetable merchant assumes an aspect of romance amid the winding waterways of the Doges' ancient city.*





*With costly equipment and amid a wealth of flowers a Venetian sets forth on his last voyage to the lone cemetery island outside the city*





*Carnations are sold for a few soldi in the streets of the Eternal City by women and girls whose faces are as lovely as their flowers*





*Swiss Guards, in their sixteenth-century parti-coloured uniforms, are always on duty at the entrance to the Vatican to preserve the Papal peace*





*Youth and old age mingle in the monastery of Monte Oliveto Maggiore, and the good works of the monks are known to the whole countryside*





*From a niche in Aosta Cathedral a radiant Madonna looks down  
on a human mother who, spent with toil, pours out her heart in prayer*





*With heart at peace this white-robed monk views the beautiful world he has renounced for the cloistered solitudes of Certosa di Val d'Ema*





*In the colonnade of S. Peter's, the Mecca of half Christendom, this Roman mother loves to sit and listen to the soft prattle of her bambino*





*A venerable Roman in the old-time costume still to be seen among the humble inhabitants of the wide expanse of the sunburnt Campagna*





*Dolce far niente! In Roman sunshine a flower-girl stands, her nose-gays all but vanished, happy thoughts beguiling the hot, languid hours*





*Life still flows under Rimini's triumphal arch, an ancient monument full of memories, erected twenty-seven years before the birth of Christ*





*Cased with varied coloured marbles, the magnificent Campanile of Giotto in Florence is regarded as the finest existing work of its kind*





*The straw-plaiting industry is centred in the old Etruscan city of Fiesole, where lovely designs are fashioned with lightning rapidity*



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"English," therefore it must be done. By the time we come on to the road again strings of led horses are passing. Motors and carriages have become numerous. It is nearing eleven, the hour of the meet.

A short run brings us to the meeting-place. The horses, still in their cloths, are standing in lines along the wooden fences or being walked briskly about. In a big tent there is drinking of coffee, munching of crisp little rolls with salami (sausage) sandwiched into them, tossing off of petits verres. Every moment more motors throb alongside, and swell the throng of women exquisitely dressed, who chatter of last night's dinners and dances, of the new play or the new novel, the latest gossip of "high society" in Rome.

Officers are conspicuous in trim uniforms. The master, Prince Gianbattista Rospigliosi, is in "pink," with several more whose coats make the picture gayer. Hat-boxes are brought out of the cars by servants for their masters, who have arrived in caps. Everyone

is chatting vigorously, laughing. It is like a scene in a play, with the most perfect back-cloth imaginable and costumes by the most expensive firms.

Exactly at the right dramatic moment here come the hounds. The huntsman trots beside them. "Coom oop, lads!" he says, or seems to say. "Coom over, then!" Did he really say that? I ask myself. I listen again. Yes, I heard

aright. The huntsman has a fine North-country accent, which is natural enough seeing that he hails from Cheshire and that his name is Jim Brown.

Ladies gather round the hounds and pet them. Jim looks on with a curious curl of the lip. "Plenty of foxes?" he repeats, in reply to a question. "No, they shoot 'em, to maak laadies' furs." No time to lose, therefore, in finding one. "Coom oop!" cries Jim again; and the hounds trot off, the riders following. Up a slope, then across the flat, over a stone wall, and away into the distance. Quickly they are lost to view.

The spectators clear off. Grooms and chauffeurs settle down to their lunch at tables spread in the sunshine. Walk a little distance, a few hundred yards, and we can see no human being save an old shepherd, picturesquely ragged, and a small boy, like a red-faced lamb himself, helping the old man to look after the flock. Peace has settled down again on the Campagna. Insects whir in the hot noon.

The smartness of that meet is typical of the change that has come over Rome in less than a generation. The Roman season has developed from a half-hearted dowdy business into a rush of costly entertainments, at which everything must be dernier cri. The dinner parties, and even the dances, are more often given in the big new hotels of the cosmopolitan order than at home.



### ARTLESS NEAPOLITAN CHILDHOOD

Here and there in the crowded alleys of old Naples a young face of elusive beauty stands out in startling relief against the sordid surroundings

*From a Kodak snapshot*



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These hotels are signs of the times also. Gone is the old cheap Italy where an English family could spend a winter and spring for the double purpose of cultivating their artistic intelligence and saving money. The cost of living in the towns has increased to three times what it was.

The passing of the old custom of bargaining in shops has helped to make everything dearer. The shopkeeper used to mark his goods a hundred per cent. above what they were worth, and could be bargained down to something like a fair price. He expected this. Haggling was all in the day's work. It was no pleasure to do business with anyone who did not haggle. Such a person must be a fool. Now the goods are marked fifty per cent. above their value, and you have to pay it, for the system is "Fixed Prices." As usual, the consumer pays.

Once more let us mix with Roman society on the Pincian Hill, where all

that is fashionable may be seen driving of an afternoon. The fact, learned by rote at school, that the city is built upon seven hills, is forced upon one's notice as one walks about it. There is no more tiring place. Yet the hills have their advantages as well as their drawbacks. For example, look from the Pincio at the surrounding country. Could any view be more refreshing? Grander prospects I will show you, but none that I could be more grateful to look upon from the heart of a city, none that more persuasively whispers, "Peace, be still."

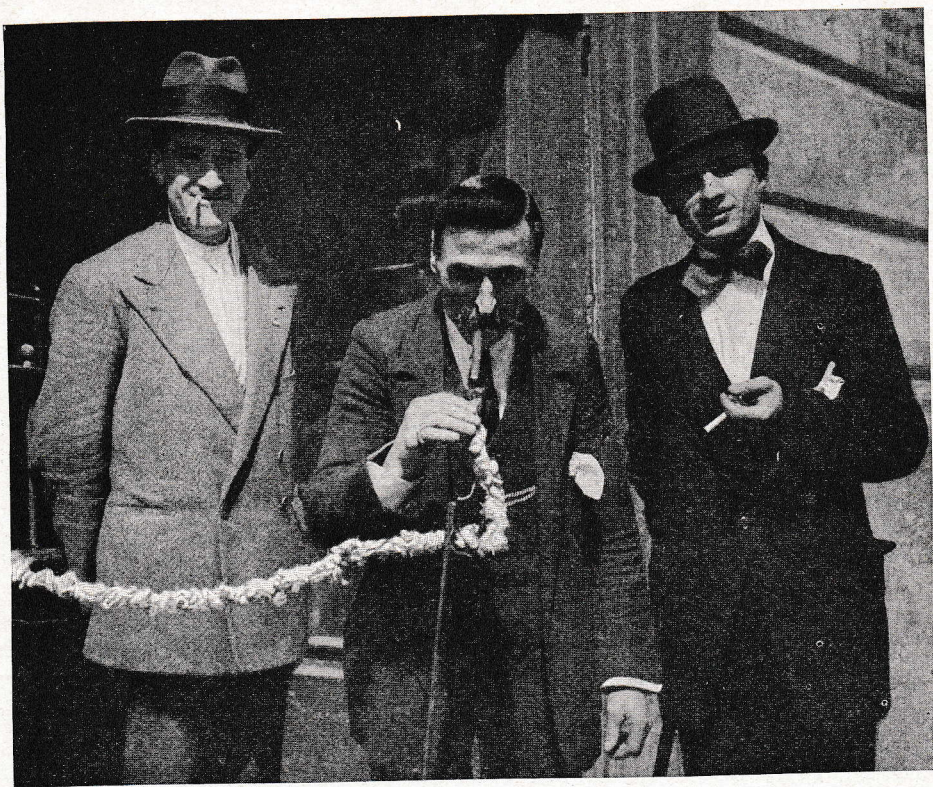
Close by, the fields are being tilled, the olive orchards tended, the sheep pastured. Hardly at all can this quiet, peaceful landscape have altered in two thousand years. It keeps Rome in touch with reality, with nature. Hard as the powers in Rome have tried in the past, and are trying still, to prevent



"SET EYES ON NAPLES AND THEN DIE CONTENT"

Naples lies along the northern shore of the superb, exquisitely azure Bay of Naples, at the foot of a range of luxuriantly vine-clad volcanic hills which culminate in Mount Vesuvius. Viewed, as here, from the harbour, the city is seen at its best, challenging consent to its claim to be, with the possible exception of Constantinople, the most beautifully situated city in Europe





### THE INEXHAUSTIBLE MATCH OF THE NEAPOLITAN

The Neapolitan is not a practical person, and if left to his own devices would contentedly jog along in his old happy-go-lucky way and leave all innovations alone. But modern conveniences are breaking down his conservatism, and this indisputably useful public cigar-lighter, consisting of a lengthy rope that burns very slowly, is gradually being superseded by matches

*Photo, Publishers' Photo Service*

life from being natural and rational, there has always been a reminder of sanity and the true sweetness of existence in the country round about that can be seen from the Seven Hills. I think it still has an influence in saving even "society" in Rome from sinking into quite the same fever of folly and perpetual excitement which afflicts it incurably elsewhere.

However this may be, we can escape the disease by the simple expedient of quitting society and studying other classes of Italians. Let us leave the Pincio at once and go down by the Piazza di Spagna where, on the steps called after the church of the Trinita del Monti, there is a delicious winter flower market. Here the air is scented by roses, violets, stock, carnations, jonquils, mignonette. The women who

set them out vary these with daffodils and snow-white narcissi, anemones, pansies, delicate heaven-blue irises, and branches of white cherry-blossom waving over all

Then up another hill, the Montecitorio, to make the acquaintance of some members of Parliament and to see the Parliament buildings. In the House of Deputies lawyers predominate. It is no great distinction to be a deputy. It is, rather, a nuisance. For the idea prevails among the peasant and artisan classes that members of Parliament must be willing to do their constituents any little service that may be asked of them.

Crowds of voters or voters' wives wait while the House is sitting to see their deputy and lay their wants before him. Many of them ask for small appointments in the Post Office or the Customs Department. One will complain of the





#### SCENE PAINTERS' ARTISTRY OUTCLASSSED IN REAL NAPLES

Garish Neapolitan life as represented by imaginative writers is actually to be seen in the Santa Lucia quarter. The tall white-fronted tenement houses, a-flutter with variegated garments hanging out to dry and gay with green jalousies and balconies look down upon a brilliant-hued crowd chaffering over fruit and macaroni, olives in round baskets, and wine in demi-johns

severity of a schoolmaster towards a child. Another will plead for the release of a son sentenced to hard labour. Here is a young fellow with his mother. He cannot pass some examination for a Government post. Cannot he get the post without passing? Here is a small contractor who seeks an order for a new bridge or a piece of road-making. This man, who is defendant in a debt action, wants his deputy to influence a judge in his favour. This woman pours out a voluble petition for assistance to get her husband a pension, to which he can put forward no valid claim.

Those who are better-dressed than the majority have most probably come to ask for a decoration. Titles and ribbons are sought after in Italy almost as eagerly as in England. A politician who had been Prime Minister, and knew how useful this kind of bribery could be, declared once that Italy was governed by decorations. A King of Italy said with bitter humour: "Knighthoods and

cigars are things you can't refuse to anyone." Italians of all classes are apt to consider that they have a right to get all they can out of their country. The prevailing conception of the State is that of a pump set up for the benefit of those who can work the handle.

The consequence is that those who either cannot get near the pump, or who do not care to prey upon the Government, speak contemptuously of members of Parliament and others who are supposed to be bent solely on advancing their own interests at the cost of their fellow-countrymen. Men of letters and men of science alike despise the "trade of politics." I have heard Italian doctors, who are both highly skilled in their profession and, as a rule, men of high general intelligence, declare that all politicians are "out for what they can get." It was the general disgust with politicians and the feeling that democracy had failed to give good results that made it possible



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for the Fascist leader, Mussolini, to make himself dictator. Begun as a reaction against Bolshevik doctrine, the Fascisti movement (called after the "fasces" carried by ancient Roman lictors and signifying unity) rapidly gained control of the country by reason of the widespread dissatisfaction with those who had misgoverned so long.

So now, having visited the scene of their misgovernment, let us leave Montecitorio and wander up and down the Eternal City in the sunshine. It is no use trying to "do" Rome tourist fashion, rushing from one "sight" to another. That will only result in tired feet and jumbled recollections and disappointment. Rome is a proud mistress and must be patiently wooed.

There is not really very much to "see" in the guide-book sense. The value you get out of your wanderings will be in the suggestions that the streets and buildings, the ruins and the sites of ancient greatness, will slip into your mind.

The way to see Rome is to let it soak in gradually. Take a trifling example. You are in what has been uncovered of the Forum. Hard to take it in. Can it be here that Mark Antony spoke Caesar's funeral oration? You look round vaguely. Then your eye lights on a patch of metal clinging to a slab of grey stone. That you learn is molten money. The building in which that grey slab formed part of the pavement was burned down eighteen hundred years ago. It housed the tables of the

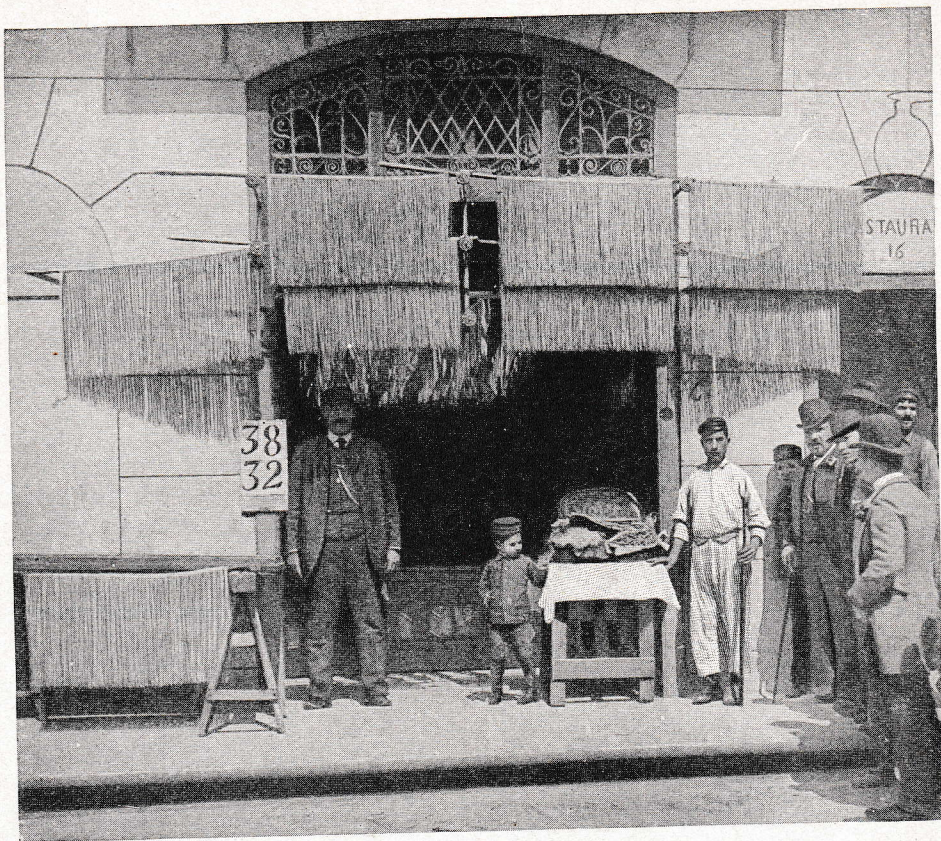


**MOTHERS' MEETING IN THE PUBLIC THOROUGHFARE**

Few cities in the world rival Naples in the animation of the streets, owing to the Neapolitans' entire indifference to publicity. It is the general custom for the women to do all their work, net-mending, sewing, and so forth, out of doors, and they have no objection to performing most private services for their children or making their own toilet in full public view

*Photo, Publishers' Photo Service*





#### FAVOURITE HAUNT OF THE POPULACE OF PALERMO

The word "maccheroni" exercises magical influence over the Sicilian no less than the Neapolitan. In this macaroni factory at Palermo a colossal quantity of flour is converted into paste which when forced through perforated presses has the appearance of string. This is cut into lengths and hung—regardless of dust—over rods in the open air to dry; when stiff it is broken up, boxed, and sold

money-changers. Reconstruct the scene, the busy market-place, the alarm of fire, the rush to escape, the Roman soldiers keeping order—rather roughly—the money left behind soon melted. That is the money there.

S. Peter's, if you pay it a hurried visit, will haunt you for ever as one of the world's great disillusiones. It is frankly a hideous place inside, all gilt and gewgaws; like a railway station, with no more sense of devotion about it than the foyer of a music-hall. But think of the history which S. Peter's has seen made, think of the endless procession of the Popes; study the vast Piazza which stretches before it with its satisfying semi-circular colonnade of heavy columns; enjoy the sombre dignity of its severe rectilinear façade. Then you carry away with you

impressions which can distinguish between what is of permanent enduring value and that which bears merely the stamp of its own age.

Into which of these categories we are to place the men and women who kneel in S. Peter's, who kiss the images, who mutter as they turn with nimble fingers the beads of a rosary, I shall not offer to decide. Are the Italians who still hold to the Christian faith merely carrying out observances which they think it might be rash to neglect; rash in the event of all that the priests teach proving to be true; rash, too, because public opinion, in country districts at all events, is, on the whole, inclined to frown on "unbelievers"? Or are their souls lit up by divine radiance, the outward and visible signs being proof of an inward and spiritual



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grace? The Church has lost ground in Italy since education for the masses began the spread of modern ideas. But it would be very hard to say how much this loss amounts to.

There is, even among the intellectuals, a movement away from the materialism, the positivism, which was dominant during the nineteenth century, a movement in the direction which the mind of the novelist Butti has taken, and which was indicated by his story of a man of science forced to declare that "the narrow, dark prison provided with no way out in which science would confine us" cannot really

represent the final truth about human existence. One thing is sure. Religion would be more honoured in Italy if the priests, speaking generally, were of a higher type, more like those of France, or of Belgium even. Exception must be made in favour of the Jesuits, who are men of education and decent habits, and many of them broad-minded, with a knowledge of the world and of human nature that few men in any of the professions can equal.

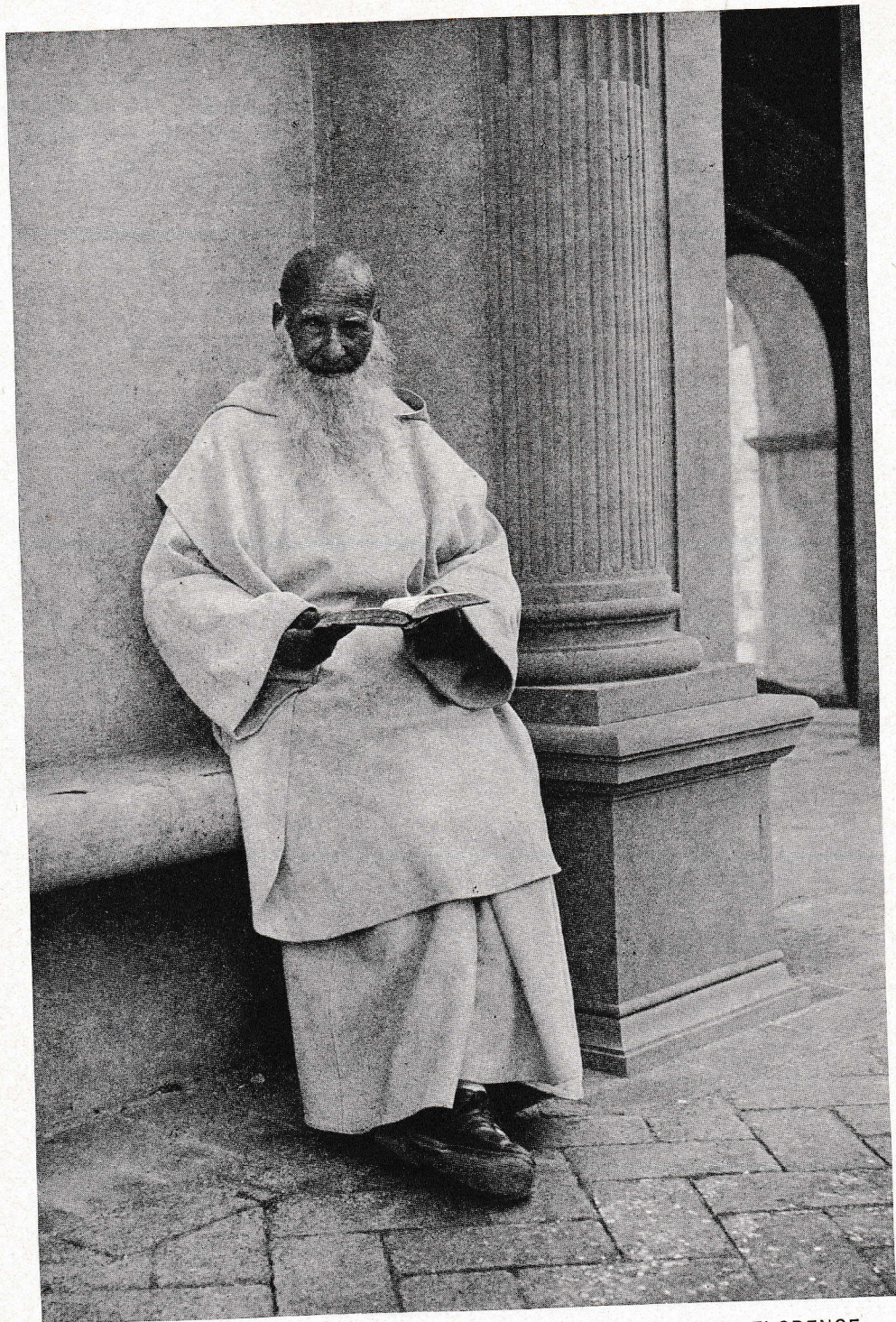
It is not surprising that in general the Italian priests win little respect. Yet the Church is, by the mass of the people, both respected and regarded



**WOMEN MAKERS OF ITALY'S STAPLE ARTICLE OF FOOD**

Italian macaroni manufacturers are ever sure of a market for their wares; nowhere is there such a demand for this farinaceous food as in Italy, where macaroni-eating may be said to be a business of the man in the street. The paste, prepared from a variety of hard wheat, can be made into macaroni, vermicelli, spaghetti, and into the various small fantastic shapes used in soups





**VENERABLE INMATE OF THE CERTOSA MONASTERY NEAR FLORENCE**

A short distance from Florence on a hill clothed with cypresses and olive trees stands the Certosa di Val d'Ema, an imposing old monastery founded in the fourteenth century. Very few monks now live within its walls, but this white-haired ascetic knows no other home, and is content to spend the evening of his days in quiet seclusion, the Holy Book his never-failing companion

*Photo, Donald McLeish*





#### FRANCISCAN FRIARS DISCUSS A DIFFERENCE OF INTERPRETATION

They belong to the Order of friars founded by S. Francis of Assisi in the early part of the thirteenth century. Under various names the order spread rapidly through Europe and many eminent men were enrolled among its members. The Franciscan Friars of Italy make very effective missionaries, and numberless good works are wrought by them among the poor and distressed

*Photo, Donald McLeish*



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### FLORENTINE BROTHER OF MERCY

One of the brethren of the Order of the Misericordia in Florence who frequently walk the streets in long black robes, the head closely covered with a cowl, their sad eyes, burning with ascetic light, the only facial feature visible

*Photo, Donald McLeish*

as an institution to be proud of. There is no feeling of this kind among the Socialist leaders or the more studious of the professional classes. But sometimes among the Socialist rank and file, and certainly in the middle classes, which neither practise religion with any fervour nor pretend to be influenced by it, one finds this attitude towards the Church. Italy is pleased that the Pope should be an Italian and live in Rome. It is pleased that the whole Catholic world should take its orders from Rome.

However contemptuous an Italian may be towards "miracles," or towards the doctrines of the Church, or even towards the claims of the Pope to speak with an infallible voice, he will nevertheless wish to keep up the Roman system. In this intelligent Italian men are mostly alike—the shrewd peasant, the clever doctor or lawyer, the successful manufacturer, and even those who devote themselves to applied science. They have no use for religion themselves, but they think it is a good thing for women. They cannot imagine what women would do without it. What would become of the odd ones who do not get married if there were no convents for them to enter? Therefore, Italians look upon the Church as useful and even



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necessary. This is an attitude of mind hard for the British to understand. It is not essentially Latin, as some say, for the French adopt it, and many of the Irish, too. How often have I heard farmers in Galway or Normandy joke about the priests and the ceremonies and the "miracles," and yet on a Sunday off they go to service with their women, and if they did not go they would have a vague apprehension that some ill might come of it. There are a great many Italian farmers like that.

In Rome one finds as little genuine devotion to the faith as anywhere. The outward signs of religion abound.

Troops of priests and young men preparing to be priests are seen continually in the streets. The machinery of ecclesiasticism obtrudes itself everywhere. But of any fervent faith behind the machinery there is little evidence. "In Rome," an English Roman Catholic priest complained to me once, as we walked through the Vatican galleries, "it is very difficult to be a good Roman Catholic."

The Roman temperament is not ardent. It is lymphatic. It refuses to take much interest in anything. To find anything like real devotion in Italy you must go south—to Naples, to



BEARING A DEAD BROTHER TO HIS LAST RESTING-PLACE

Nearly six hundred years ago the Order of the Misericordia was founded for the succouring of the sick, poor, and injured. The splendid mission of this charitable fraternity has never swerved from its original purpose, and to this day in Florence the black-robed brethren—men from all classes of society anxious to devote their lives to good works—are ever ready to answer calls of distress





#### HONOURING THE HOLY VIRGIN IN AN ITALIAN ALPINE VILLAGE

In the grand mountainous region where Cogne is situated, life is lived very simply by the country folk, who retain many of the customs and costumes of the ancient Alpine peasantry. Scarcely a week passes but one may witness some quaint ceremony, in which all participate, whether it be secular festivity or, as shown above, a religious procession in honour of the Holy Virgin

*Photo, Donald McLeish*

Sicily. There everything is done with enthusiasm, with vigour. In the few hours that are occupied by the train journey from Rome to Naples you leave behind all classical associations, and almost all that binds one to medieval Italy. Pompeii is not classical. It is romantic. They were not Romans who built the houses which have been so marvellously laid bare again after so many centuries under the lava, nor had they anything in common with the Romans. The stern rulers of the world spoke of the south with an accent of contempt. Dallying at Capua was not worthy, they considered, of a man with a man's work to do in the world. They lived in a different atmosphere, an atmosphere morally as well as physically harder.

You may leave Rome on a winter's evening, nipped by an eager air. The same night you lean out of your window in Naples, listening to the little waves

that splash playfully against the seawall. From the old, old houses on the rock of Santa Lucia faint gleams cast flickering reflections on the dark water. The curve towards Posilipo is marked by glittering lamps. The hills which rise from the bay are jewelled plenteously with points of light. The air is soft and truly southern. And somewhere near at hand a man's voice, flexible and resonant, begins to sing one of the old Neapolitan songs. True, there may be a sudden breath of the ice king; Naples may wake up shivering. I landed once from Sicily, and found the puddles on the quay all frozen. I never saw a population looking more miserable. By ten o'clock the sun was hot, and they had recovered their spirits.

These violent variations of temperature are discomposing even to a northerner. But they are infrequent. The prevailing condition of weather is



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sunshine hot and clear, sunshine which makes doing nothing a positive instead of a negative enjoyment. That is why the Neapolitans are supposed to be an idle race. They are not idle, far from it. But when they do nothing they do it with such complete abandonment to the delight of relaxation that the visitor

from the north imagines they seldom do anything else.

The city, when you know it, gives the lie vehemently to this legend of Neapolitan indolence. It swarms with swarthy life. It is an astonishing human ant-heap, if one could imagine ants endowed with penetrating voices, and

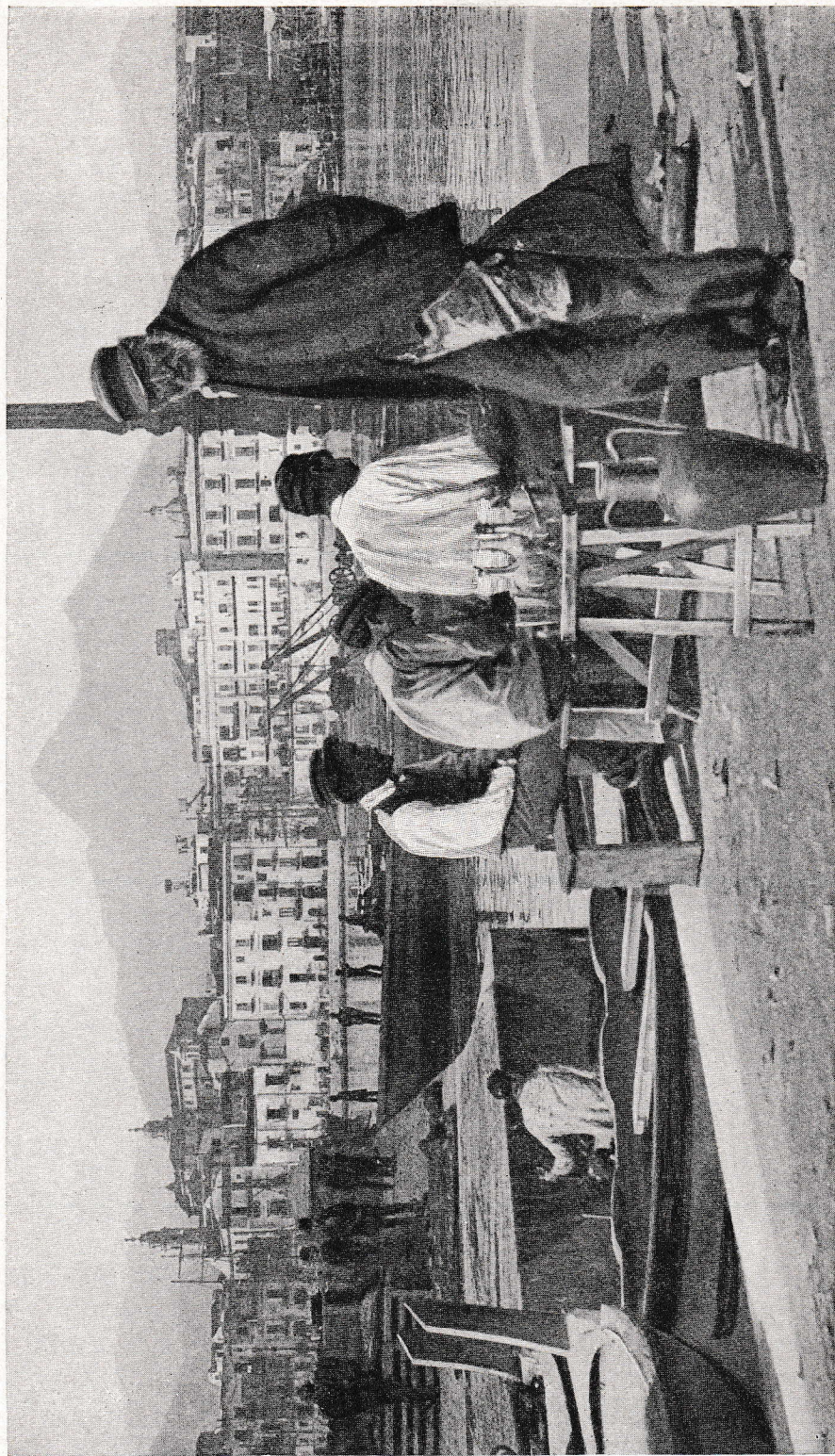


COMELY PEASANT MAIDENS OF THE VAL DI COGNE

In North Italy where Teutonic influence has blended with Celtic, the Italians are of a much fairer skin than their southern kinsmen, a fact well illustrated by these girls of Cogne. The same foreign influence is observed in their dress, and it is noteworthy that the apron, without which their attire would be incomplete, is worn tied up on weekdays and let down only on Sundays

*Photo, Donald McLeish*





ON THE QUAYSIDE OF PALERMO, WHERE ACTIVITY AND INDOLENCE ARE INSEPARABLE COMPANIONS

Quay hands are numerous in Palermo where the willing worker is never at a loss for an occupation. But the indolence of the southerner is strong in the Sicilian, who loves nothing better than to spend his time in strolling aimlessly along the "smiling sea-shore." Many of these loafers are country peasants who, tired of the rough hill tracks, have come to the town, but they soon weary of the unhealthy tenements where they are huddled with their families and go back to their hills





**DAY OF RELIGIOUS REJOICING WHEN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE ARE KNIT TOGETHER BY A COMMON FAITH**  
Sicily's capital enters whole-heartedly into the celebration of all religious holidays, and there are many days in the year when the streets of Palermo are thronged with devout souls full of reverential regard for the "celestial patron" whose festa they are honouring. By far the greater number of the feste are devoted to the Madonna, for it is she who orders the gongs and comings of the people and who, under every guise, is their patroness—no matter what their station in life

*Photo, A. W. Cutler*





#### WHERE STANDS THE ANCIENT FOUNTAIN IN TAORMINA'S MARKET PLACE

Natives of more northern climes find Taormina, a coast town of eastern Sicily, a warm and benign winter resort with its clear seas and skies. This fountain, that has assuaged the thirsty throats of man and beast for centuries, still gurgles with cool water ever pouring from the gaping mouths of the statuary at each corner. Above, like a sentinel, frowns the hill whose top bears a medieval castle

all using them as loudly as possible at once. The steep staircase streets are littered with humanity. On the shady side tailors, bootmakers, and other rude mechanicals stitch and hammer. The housewives are chaffering in the markets with a vigour that you find exhausting even to watch. In the broader streets of the new town the cab-drivers scream after strangers, the postcard sellers murmur hoarsely, the flower women and those who sell sweets at little stalls cry aloud their wares with smiling vehemence. No one talks of Neapolitan indolence who has heard the noisiest population in Europe doing business, haggling, quarrelling, swearing, swindling, love-making with all the force of its southern, deep-chested lung-power.

"Immoral" is another epithet flung at them. Well, if you are shown the innermost recesses of Pompeii, you know that a strict morality has never characterised the people of this shore. But

are they so much worse than other people, or is it merely that they do not take the trouble to hide their faults? They do not count them faults in the cold northern way. I cannot feel that we have the right to judge them. It is best, I think, to leave it at that.

Better enjoy the spectacle of Naples than waste time in condemning its people. What a comic opera spectacle it is! Here we have the Italian of British tradition, black-eyed, with shiny black ringlets, earrings, and red neckerchief, and the most persuasively theatrical smile. He transacts all the business of life in the highest emotional key. If you tip him a halfpenny less than he expected, he beats his breast and calls Heaven to witness that injustice has been done. The most trivial discussion is carried on with gestures which lead the stranger to fear bloodshed.

Those who live among the Neapolitans —foreigners I mean, especially the



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English—grow attached to them, and say they would not live anywhere else. I know an old poet who has spent the last forty years in the island of Capri, which you see from Naples as plainly as if it were only five miles distant instead of twenty. He would not shift his dwelling if you offered him a million a year. He went to the island, meaning to stay a few days. That was forty years ago. He has been there ever since, and has only paid one visit to England in all that time. He married there and brought up a family, half Italian, half English.

From the flat roof of his villa he showed me his garden, where roses in full bloom wreathed themselves on sunny pergolas amid groves of bay and orange (the month was January). Then he showed me the mountain which on one side towers above him, and after that the view across the blue sea to

Ischia and the mainland. I had sometimes asked myself how he could stay there so contentedly. I did not wonder on that January day.

Poke about in Pompeii, and you will discover how little two thousand years have changed either the character of the southern Italian or the nature of mankind at large. I like to sit on one of the green mounds which command the full extent of the ruins, and muse upon the wonder of it, and moralise over the evidence that the viciousness of a great city found the same outlets then as now.

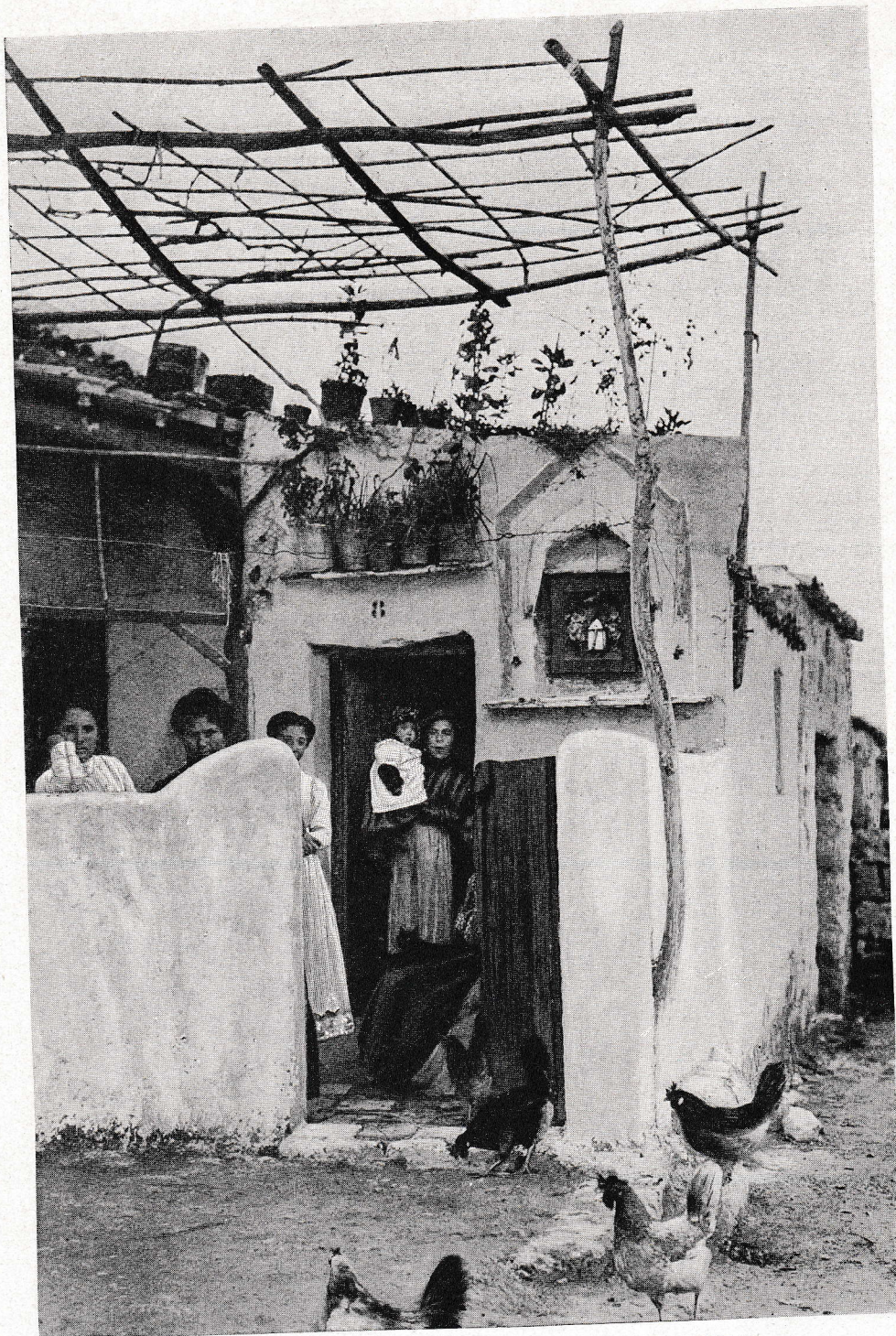
Pompeii is like nothing else in the world. I shall never forget my astonishment when I first saw how perfect it was. I had expected no more than a fragmentary ground plan, not much more definite than the lines traced amid heaps of rubble which mark the site of



### HOW THE SICILIAN WOMAN COMBINES BUSINESS, DUTY, AND GOSSIP

Between one domestic occupation and another this Palermo housewife usually finds time in which to ply her clever fingers at some remunerative work. Seated at the threshold of her cottage, though intent on her embroidery, she manages to carry on a glib conversation with her leisured neighbours and to keep a vigilant ear for her youngest-born, sleeping tranquilly beneath her table





### GUARDIAN SHRINE OF A SICILIAN COTTAGE HOME

In this little whitewashed house everything is trim and neat, simplicity personified. A home blessed by good fortune, as would testify the pleasant, serene faces of its inmates, whose simple faith attributes all contentment to the holy saint enshrined within the wall to the portal's right, before whom at night a dim light burns and at whose feet tiny bunches of flowers lie in humble homage

*Photo, A. W. Cutler*





**"THE PEALING ANTHEM SWELLS THE NOTE OF PRAISE"**

Excellence of intention may excuse imperfection of performance, and true piety prompts this Sicilian squeezing the pigskin bag of his pipes and emitting weird noises from his drones and chaunter. For it is Christmas-time, and by custom the Sicilian piper visits every shrine and pipes in honour of the Madonna before proceeding to his neighbours' houses to entertain them with his music

*Photo, A. W. Cutler*



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Ephesus. I found that I could walk along street after street on the same stones that were trodden by the feet of the Pompeiians, see the ruts indented by their chariot-wheels, look into their houses where they lived the luxurious life of the first century, study their wall-paintings, admire their little gardens, dive into their wine-bars, and even read upon walls the election addresses which had just been put up when the liquid fire swallowed up the city, as Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed. From the number of drug-shops it is plain that the Pompeiians were as much addicted as we moderns are to pick-me-ups and patent medicines, antidotes against excess, and so forth. I have no doubt the drug-shops sold opiates, and that dope-parties were known.

Again, there is proof that in Pompeii they were furious gamblers, as the Italians are to-day. In Naples the

drawings of the State lotteries cause a positive furore. Everyone who is credulous enough to believe that luck may bring him fortune is a regular buyer of lottery tickets. The aristocracy used to gamble heavily in their clubs, and there still goes on a good deal of that kind of "amusement."

The masses find their excitement provided for them by the Government. This seems to me a wise plan. It is certain that in cities the craving for some form of thrill which gives the possibility of making money without working for it, can only be repressed by raising the level of intelligence, and that will take a long time, even when we have hit upon such methods of education as are likely to raise it. Surely, therefore, if there is bound to be a profit for someone out of gambling, it is better that it should go towards the lightening of taxation than into the pockets of



### WHEN THE ALMOND BLOSSOM FLOWERS IN SUNNY SICILY

Near Taormina in the early year the vivid colouring of the loveliest of all Mediterranean islands is seen to full advantage. Hill and dale are clothed with a tender green, delicate pink blossoms dance against a cloudless sky, Etna sleeps peacefully in the blue distance, everywhere beautiful, bountiful spring. Here, surely, one must rest awhile to drink in the rich beauty of the sunlit scene





#### AMID THE MOIL AND TOIL OF UNCONVENTIONAL SICILY

In the tangled alleys that intersect Sicily's capital, life is entirely free from affectation or adornment. A babble of voices is heard the livelong day from the throngs in these airless streets; overhead hangs the family linen in variegated confusion, and piles of bedding and other lumber litter the cobbles where stray dogs and fowls wander at will. Simplicity is the keynote of the Sicilian character

individuals who are not merely undeserving, but usually pests of society.

The Italian Government makes its lotteries pay. The public has the satisfaction of knowing that they are honestly conducted, and there is the further advantage that those who regularly lose their money, as, of course, ninety-nine per cent. do, can console themselves by reflecting that they have contributed to public funds instead of handing over their money to bookmakers, and giving a particularly detestable class of sharps a comfortable living.

Once a week in the public squares of towns and villages the winning numbers are read out, and payment is made without delay. There are also private games of chance, known, like the State lotteries, as "Tombola." These are often got up for charitable objects and large sums are made. There is never any difficulty in attracting ticket-buyers. The Italians enjoy this mild

form of gambling immensely. They talk about their chances a great deal, and try to hit upon magical methods of discovering lucky numbers. I saw once in the cemetery at Naples a vast crowd, and I inquired what famous person had been buried. I was told that the crowd had gone to the cemetery to see a grave opened. It was the grave of a lottery tipster who had put five numbers into his sister's coffin some twelve months before. These, he, said would be the winning numbers of the week when her body was exhumed. It is the custom to dig up bodies after a certain interval and then rebury them. How long the period may be is uncertain to a few weeks, so here the element of chance came in. As soon as the numbers had been taken from the coffin and read out the people gathered at the graveside rushed off to back them without delay!

In Tuscany the countryfolk are quite different from the Neapolitans. They





### TOY BEAST OF BURDEN FROM SARDINIA

The diminutiveness of this Sardinian donkey is accentuated by the height of its Sicilian owner who, while not over particular about taxing its miniature muscles, is bent on its cutting a handsome figure in the streets of Palermo. Indeed, bedecked with fine trappings, harnessed to a cart decorated with gaudily-painted allegorical pictures, its appearance is certainly calculated to call forth expressions of admiration

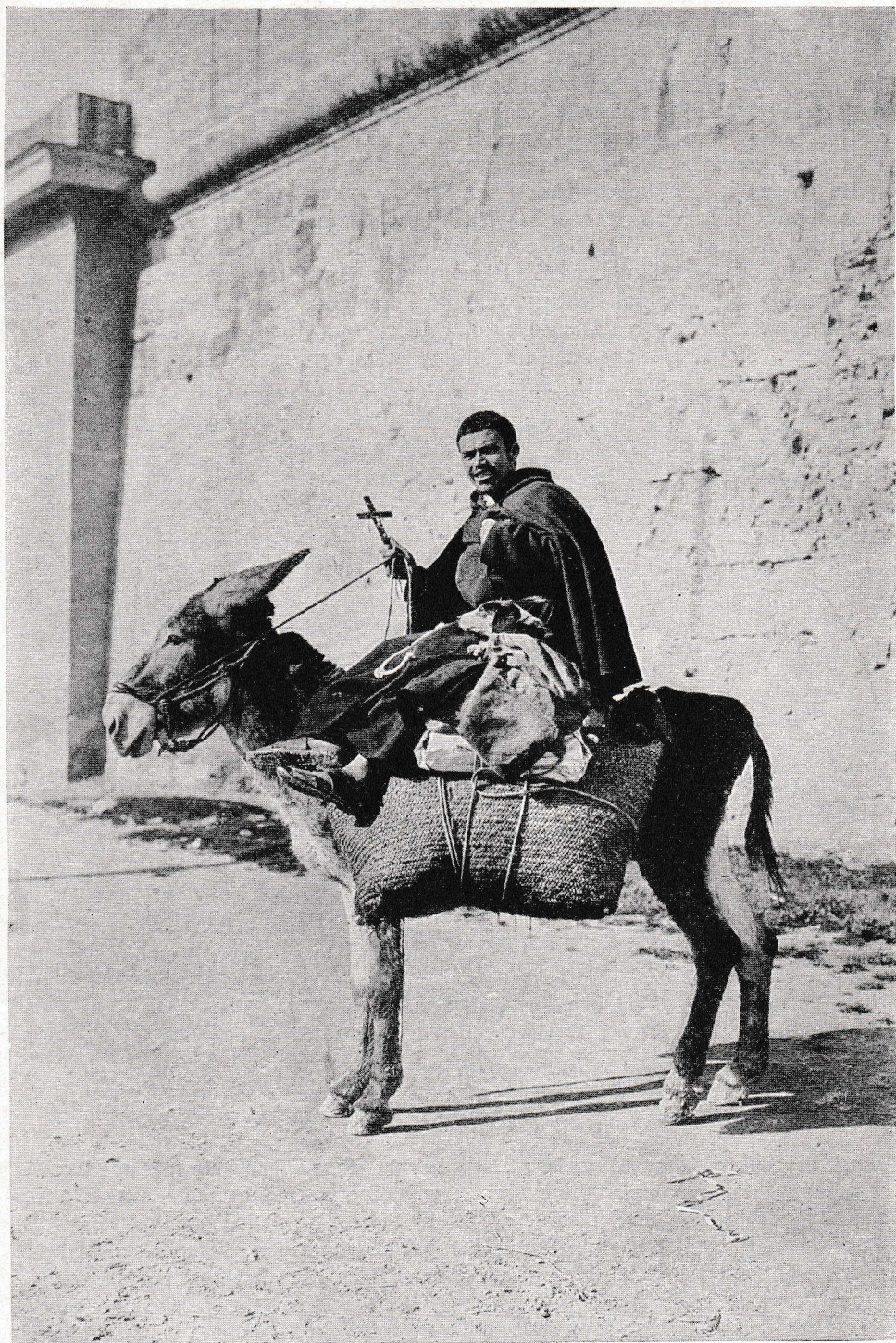


### HIRSUITE PAYING GUESTS THAT LIVE WITH THE FAMILY

Deficiency of outside accommodation and precaution against thieves explain the Palerman goat-keeper's custom of installing his goats under his own roof. The goats occupy the ground floor and the family the upper storeys. The practice is no more unhygienic than that found elsewhere, of human beings living over horses, but it is more unpleasant, owing to the strong smell of the goat

Photos, A. W. Cutler





#### PRIESTLY DIGNITY PERCHED ON MONASTIC PROVISIONS

One of the chief diversions in the life of this Sicilian monk comes in the shape of periodical visits to the neighbouring town, where he spends several hours in buying provisions to replenish the store-cupboards of the monastery. Although the crucifix, seldom out of his hand, is a constant reminder that worldly affairs are but transitory, asceticism does not appear to weigh too heavily on him

*Photo, A. W. Cutler*



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have more dignity. They are not so hot-blooded. Round about Florence they are apt to prey a little upon the English visitor, but even so, they prey in such a charming, caressing manner that one quite enjoys it. Florence reveals far more than Rome can the Italy of English dreams. All through the Middle Ages Rome was of slight importance. It is only within the last half-century that she has become again a leading city of the world. Florence, though she cannot

well-worn stones, and whose fame or infamy is familiar. Here is where Dante paced beside the Arno, his spirit broken by the death of Beatrice. Here are chapels painted by Giotto's hand. That was Duke Cosimo's dwelling. There Savonarola was burned. Around us are the very buildings which saw history and literature and the great art of the Quattrocento made. Out over there on the way to picturesque, perched-up Fiesole, is the villa, with its



### AT HOME WITH THE SICILIAN MOUNTAINEER

The inhabitants of the ancient mountain village of Mola, situated just above Taormina, are exceedingly poor; nevertheless, they usually attain a ripe old age, despite the fact that poverty wrinkles and cripples them when scarce beyond the prime of life. The hooded cape worn by the master of the house is a homespun garment and an effective one against the keen winds of winter

*Photo, A. W. Cutler*

boast so antique a past, has a record which is more romantic, more vivid, more highly charged with drama.

As we walk through the tall, crooked, sometimes narrow, but always fascinating streets of Florence, with glimpses at every opening of frowning palaces and marble-fronted churches, and graceful loggias and soaring towers, we stumble at every turn upon reminders of the great men whose footsteps trod these same

cypresses and marble terrace overlooking the city, where Boccaccio laid the scene of the telling of his joyous Tales while the plague raged down below. In the same direction we see the monastery where Fra Angelico painted his mystically lovely Madonnas. In that grey-stone fortress with the slender tower of warm red brick Lorenzo the Magnificent planned his poisonings. In the shadow of that corner Benvenuto Cellini



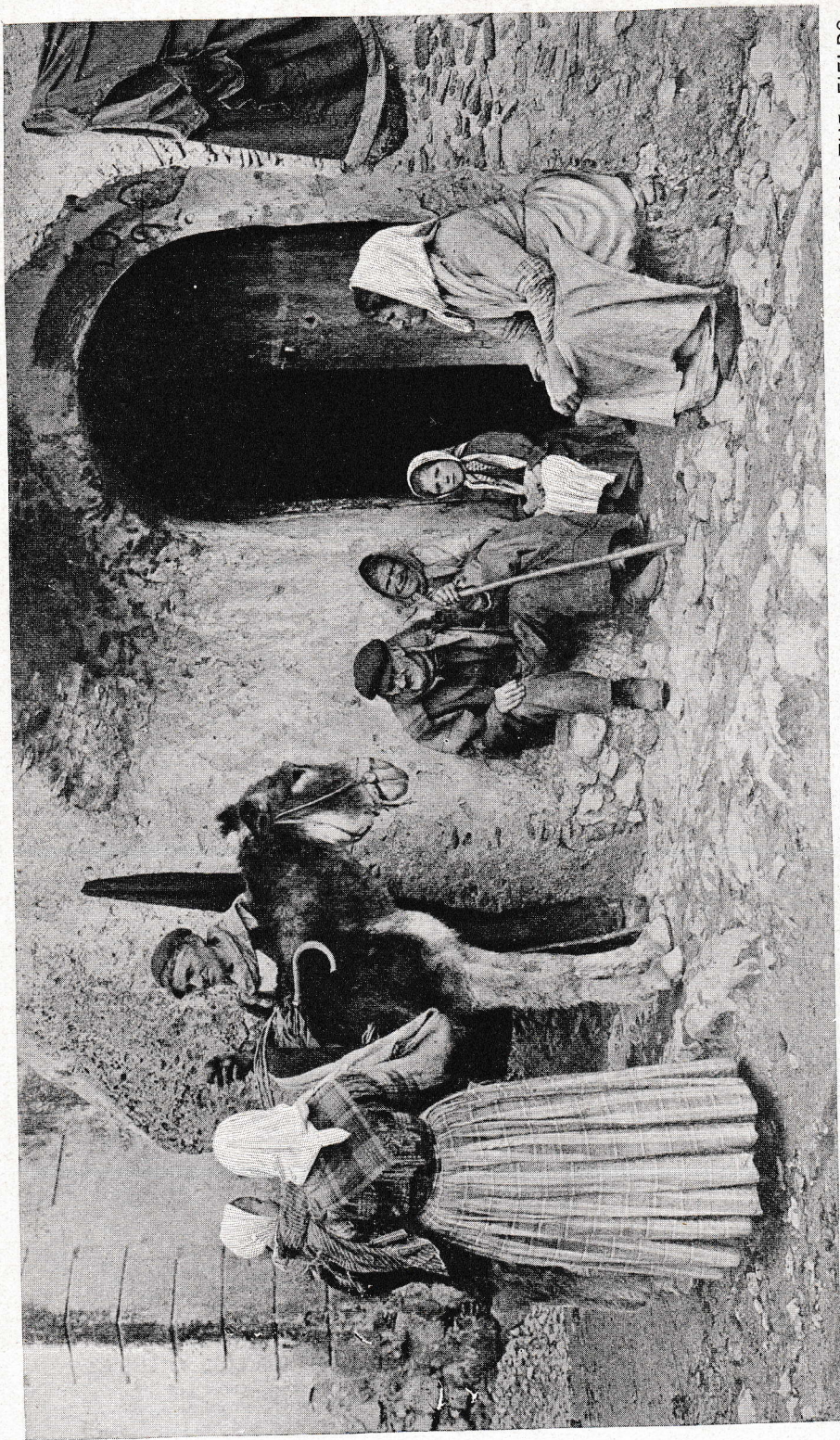


#### TRANSPORT ALONG SICILY'S LEMON-SCENTED BRIDLE PATHS

Lemons, oranges, and other fruit trees grow luxuriantly all over the plain and encompassing hills of the Conca d'Oro, or Golden Shell, wherein Palermo is set. On the hills the tracks are so steep and rough that the fruit as gathered has to be put into crates and brought on ponies to the high roads, where it is transferred to carts for conveyance to Palermo

*Photo, A. W. Culler*

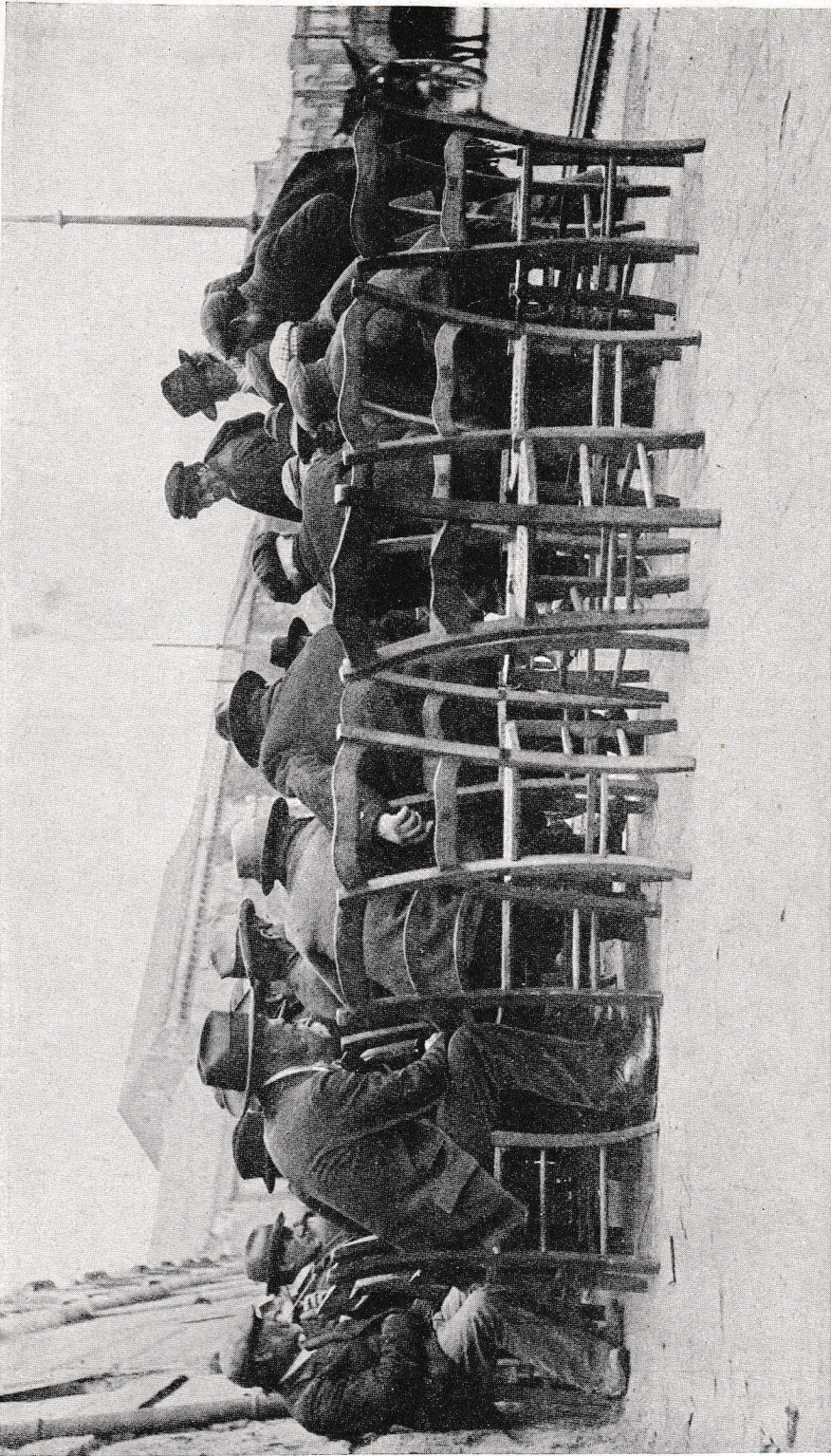




THE EVENING HOUR THAT GIVES REST TO THE TOIL-WORN AND BRINGS THE LABOURER HOME FROM THE FIELDS. Small stone structures form the dwelling-places of a large proportion of the Sicilian peasantry, and in the decayed town of Taormina there are many such humble homesteads, like the one seen above, on which antiquity has laid none too light a hand. From their seat under the stone arch these peasants can see Mount Etna, "that proud and lofty head of Sicily," which in the eyes of many is an actual personality, its every grumble awakening the countryside to apprehension

*Photo, A. W. Cutler*





#### STORY-TELLER OF CATANIA HOLDING A CROWD BY THE MAGIC SPELL OF IMAGINATIVE NARRATIVE

Professional story-tellers are quite a feature of Catanian life, and an able member of the profession gathers his audience with little difficulty, and from the appearance of the grown-up children—for such the Sicilians are ever at heart—judges with a shrewdness born of wide experience which of his abundant repertoire would be likely to excite interest and emotion. Anybody may join the circle and occupy a chair, but need not pay anything unless the story appeals to him

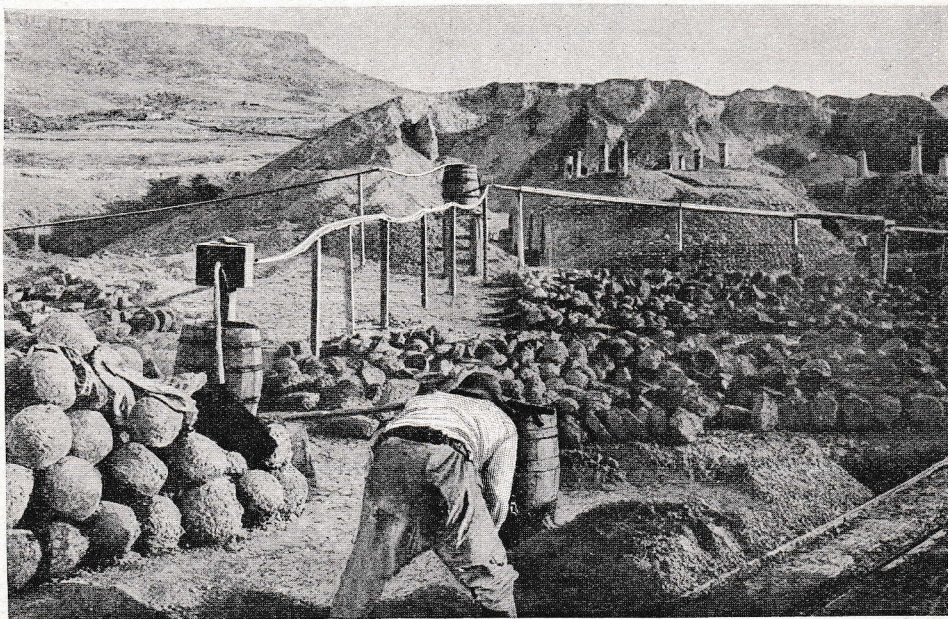
*Photo, A. W. Cutler*





#### RUNNING LIQUID SULPHUR FROM THE SMELTING FURNACE INTO MOULDS

The chief industry of any importance in Sicily is sulphur-mining. The miners have a desperately hard life; gaunt and wrinkled, old before their time, the killing work in the tortuous underground tracks, where the air is suffocatingly hot and reeking with the poisonous fumes of the sulphur, has made them some of the most miserable and degraded men of poverty-stricken Sicily



#### DUMPING-GROUND OF LUMPS OF SULPHUR PRODUCED FROM THE MINE

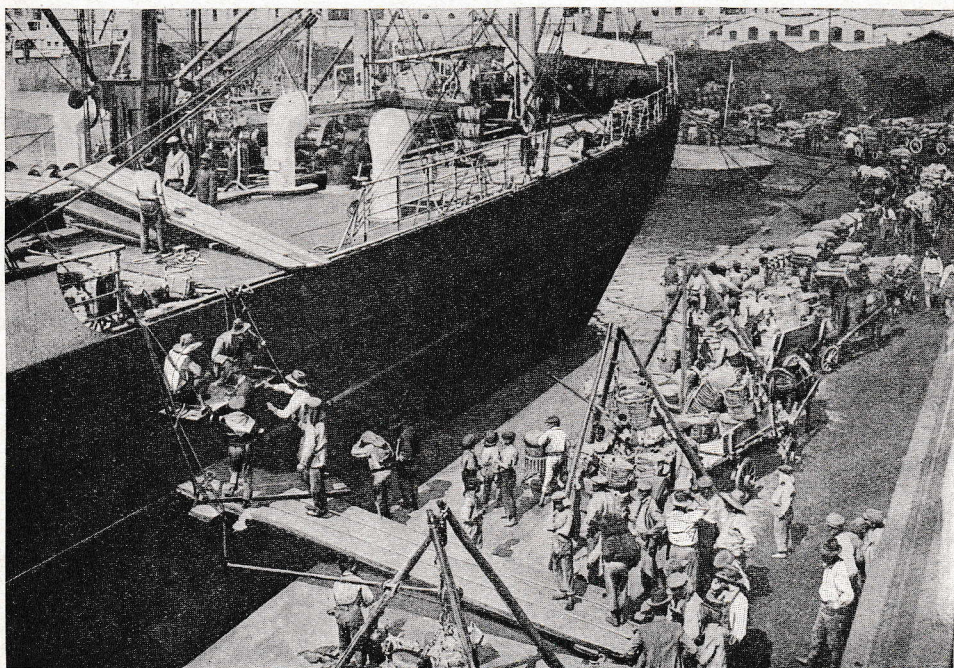
The desolation of the sulphur districts of Sicily is difficult to describe. To the unaccustomed spectator the scene appears as a blasted region of yellow earth perforated with holes, over which a nauseating odour of sulphur hangs. The system of working the mines is, for the most part, of a very primitive nature, and the strenuous life quickly tells on the health of the miners





#### WEIGHING BAGS OF BROKEN SULPHUR AT THE DOCKYARD OF CATANIA

The sulphur trade was formerly the monopoly of Sicily, but in recent years the United States and Japan have become serious competitors, with the result that the Sicilian export figures have dwindled considerably. Several thousands of workers, chiefly drawn from the rural classes, are engaged in the various branches of the industry, but by far the most strenuous work is that performed by the miners



#### LOADING A STEAMER WITH SULPHUR FROM THE CALTANISSETTA MINES

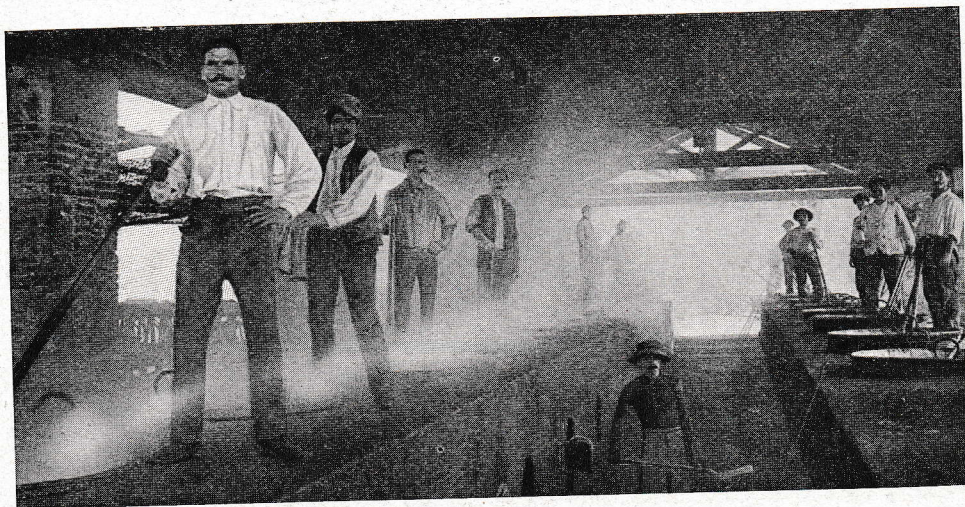
There is a large sprinkling of boys among the sulphur workers at the Catanian docks. Although their burdens are far above their strength, they are infinitely better off than the carusi, boy miners, of Caltanissetta, who, from eight years of age, carry such crushing loads that one has not to search far to find the reason why one youth of every six in that district is undersized





### PULPING SICILIAN TOMATOES FOR TABLE SAUCE

When the sorting process has been completed, tomatoes are taken to the pulping-room and emptied into huge vats. From these they are passed through a pulping machine and speedily reduced to a mash. The work requires little or no skill, and is carried out in a decidedly primitive manner; quite young boys being employed in this particular branch of the industry



### COOKING TOMATO PULP IN THE FURNACE-ROOM

The tomatoes, having been reduced to a pulp, are then boiled. The furnace-room presents an interesting sight. The stone ovens form a high parapet on either side, on which the "cooks" stand to stir the seething mass of pulp in the cylindrical pans; while on the ground the stokers keep a vigilant eye on the fires that the boiling may continue without interruption





#### WOMEN WORKERS ON A TOMATO FACTORY SORTING THE FRUIT

Sicily is extraordinarily rich in fruits and vegetables, of which large quantities are exported each year to the Italian mainland and various countries in Europe and America. Several Sicilian factories are carrying on a thriving trade in preserving vegetables in tins. Tomato sauce is one of the principal products, and our photograph shows heaps of the fruit in the hands of the sorters of a tomato factory



#### TOMATO SAUCE IN THE LAST STAGE BEFORE TINNING

The final process is drying the pulp. Spread out on trays and lightly stirred, it soon stiffens in the open air, and is then dispatched to the packing-rooms where it is placed in tins and bottles and hermetically sealed. This sauce is very popular for culinary purposes, and a colossal number of tins, running into some millions, is annually exported from Sicily



## ITALY & THE ITALIANS

waited for his enemy, to stab him, praying his patron saint to send the victim quickly because poor Benvenuto felt cold!

When we think of Florence we have in our minds the image of those stirring centuries when, amid battle, murder, and sudden death, there flowered suddenly and richly the greatest age of beauty that the world has known. Florence was governed by a succession of profligate, faithless, and cynically wicked rulers, who had, however, one redeeming quality. They loved beauty, and they paid for its creation with princely magnificence. While tumults

were breaking out in the city every day, while the nobles from their fortress-palaces fought one another in the public streets, while the compounders of deadly draughts were busy, and the blades of hired assassins flickered privily in quiet spots, there were artists at work creating the most exquisite pictures, the most impressive churches, and the noblest sculpture the world has seen.

Art and religion then went hand in hand. In the thirteenth century happened that vigorous revival of faith which brought forth S. Dominic and S. Francis of Assisi, the one preaching



SICILIANS GATHERING EDIBLE FRUIT FROM THE PRICKLY PEAR

This succulent shrub is a native of the hot, dry regions of America, but flourishes abundantly in Sicily's beautiful climate. From the large, oval, spiny leaves, pale yellow flowers spring which are succeeded by egg-shaped fruits of a smooth, pulpy nature. These "figs," a plague in Australia, are prized by the poorer Sicilian peasants, for whom—with bread—they form the staple food





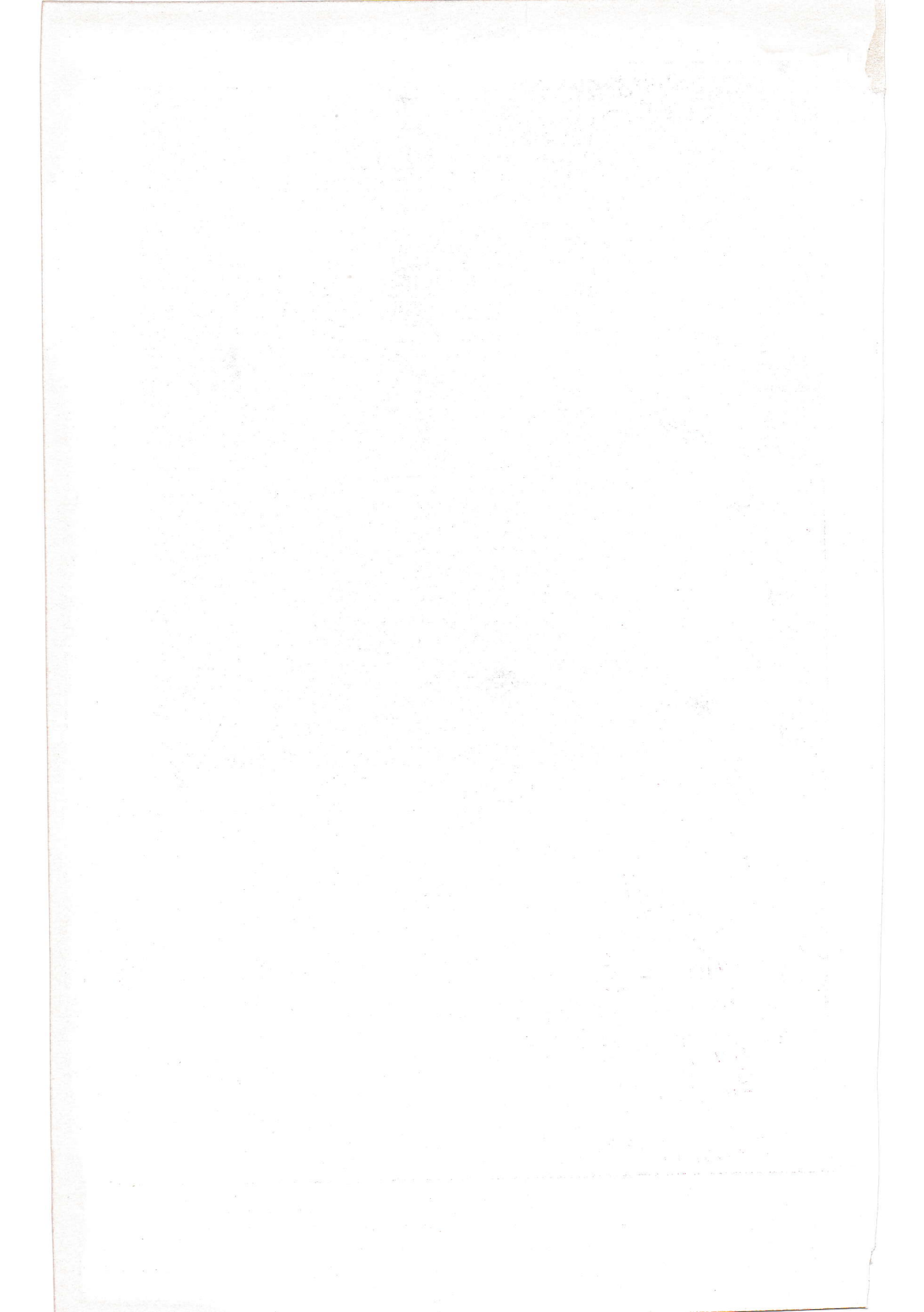
*ITALY: WOODLAND BEAUTY FROM THE ABRUZZI*

She is a native of Ciociaria, a region of forest and mountain in the Abruzzi, named from the peasant custom of wearing sandals. The beauty of the women has made it a source of artists' models

To face page 3040

From a Kodak snapshot









#### HARDY YOUNG COUPLE OF MOUNTAINOUS SARDINIA

Natives of Iglesias, Sardinia, these young married people, with their open faces and sturdy frames, are excellent representatives of the vigorous mountain race from which they have sprung. The bride's dress bespeaks European influence, but the bridegroom displays the silver buttons, voluminous trousers, and quaintly-shaped cap still in vogue among his conservative countrymen

sound doctrine, the other good works. No sooner were their two Brotherhoods established than both Franciscans and Dominicans resolved to build them each a great church in Florence, and to decorate these as gloriously as they could. Thus there arose Santa Maria Novella and Santa Croce, adorned by the noblest works of Cimabue, of his pupil Giotto, and of their followers, too many to be named. The swift Arno (which runs almost dry, though, in summer); the old bridge with its shops, one of the very last of its kind left to us; the surrounding hills and valleys, add to Florentine art the delight of living, natural beauty. Come

up to the hill of San Miniato at sunset and look down over the city. The Duomo (the cathedral) stands out hugely from the sea of red-roofed buildings jammed together without form or plan. The great dome, and beside it Giotto's Campanile, seems to brood over Florence in the softly gathering dusk. The order which the chief magistrate gave for this tower in 1334 was for a monument "which shall be so magnificent in its height and for the quality of the work as to excel all that was ever done of its kind by the Greeks or ancient Romans." That shows what sort of people the Florentines were. They still keep something



## ITALY & THE ITALIANS



### SARDINIAN GRACE AND GENIALITY

Her costume proclaims her a girl of the Sardinian peasantry, though her strong, sunburnt features, and the graceful poise of the earthenware amphora on her coiled white head-cloth, would suggest traces of her Arab antecedents

*Photo, Clifton Adams*

of the same large pride in their city. Now the veil of night falls quickly. The Duomo becomes grey and indistinct. Behind us the western sky still flames with a threatening sombre gorgeousness. There is a glory of deepest crimson above a band of palest green. Below that again are a lowering, leaden cloud-bank and the intense purple of the distant hills. From the city there rises one sound detaching itself from the vague murmur of the human hive. It is the clangour of a deep-toned Angelus bell. One might fancy that in the consuming fire of that blood-red

sunset the city had been blotted out and that the bell was tolling its funeral dirge. It is a relief to walk down quickly, to mingle with the cheerful, prattling throng, to read in the gaily-lit streets the notices of the evening's operas and plays, to join the rest of Florence in making game of the young men who lounge outside the Nobles' Club, looking out, so malicious gossip says, for rich and beautiful—but especially for rich—wives.

Of the theatre the Italians are all fond. Singing and acting are arts which come naturally to them. Neither in opera nor in drama is their taste hard to satisfy. The simpler the emotions expressed, the more familiar the plot, the better they seem to enjoy their entertainment. One does now and then see acting of a very moving quality in little towns or even villages. Occasionally one has the luck to hear a Caruso or a Tetrizzini before they have been

"discovered." But in general the standard of performance is not high. The audience love long speeches, turgid rhetoric, windy tirades. They can listen interminably while mouthing tragedians unpack their hearts in words. They want plenty of hot seasoning. The feelings and actions of the characters must be elemental. For the dissection of the finer shades of temperament they have no use.

They are severe critics of acting. When they are pleased they applaud. When they are dissatisfied they let the actors know it, even though these





**SUNLIGHT AND SHADE UNDER THE ARCHES OF A PIEDMONTESE DWELLING**

Thrown into lovely contrasts of light and shade is this portal of an old-world dwelling house in a Piedmontese hamlet. While the elder woman plies her knitting, the younger stands—a comely figure silhouetted against the bright background—chatting gaily in true neighbourly fashion. And their soft-sounding dialect echoes through the ancient stone archways

*From a Kodak snapshot.*



## ITALY & THE ITALIANS

may be old favourites. Thus they give proof both of their enjoyment and of their sincerity in expressing their feelings. These traits shine out in all that the Italians do, or say, or think.

To see Italian acting of the kind that is most popular we must go to Sicily, unless we could light upon a Sicilian company touring. But the fierce animal passions, the gusts of frenzied rage, jealousy, or devotion, which cause the actors' frames to

tremble and their voices to come hoarse and thick from their heaving chests, are better appreciated in Sicily, where they seem to be less unreal than in more northerly surroundings.

One can believe anything of the Sicilians, though, indeed, in this age they are a more peaceful folk than ever they have been in all their long, eventful history. They have shaken off the reputation of being the least law-abiding race in Europe. Under a



HAPPY WAGONERS RETURNING FROM MARKET

In Piedmont many of the peasant-proprietors are fairly well off, their frugality and general shrewdness being chief factors in their prosperity. A highly-developed family affection exists among them, and this Piedmontese mother, occupied from morning till night with farm or house work, is rarely seen unaccompanied by her children, whose pleasures and pastimes she is ever ready to share

*Photo, Donald McLeish*





#### GLINTING COPPER AND GLEAMING TIN ON SALE IN AOSTA

She makes a bright picture, knitting in the sunshine among the pots and pans that are the stock of the dark little shop behind her. Metal-ware shops are numerous in Aosta, and this little maid can supply customers with copper cauldrons for cheese-making, saucepans and strainers, pails, and cow-bells for cattle in the Alpine pastures

*Photo, Donald McLeish*

stable government they quickly settled down. A stranger is as safe in Sicily as at Charing Cross. I once asked an old inhabitant, up in Mola, whether there were any briganti (brigands) left.

"Signor," he replied, quite seriously, with a gesture of appeal to Heaven to bear witness that he spoke the truth, "they have all emigrated to the United

States." Yet in becoming more tolerant of law the Sicilians have lost little of their picturesqueness. Among the hill tracks it is nothing unusual to see women taking the upward way with big pitchers of traditional Greek shape balanced on their heads, their bare feet picking out the smoothest paths, hands on hips, their whole bearing indescribably





**SMILING YOUNG SCIONS OF A STURDY PASTORAL STOCK**  
Hand in hand they are returning from a neighbouring market to their cottage home in the Strona Valley, one of the few valleys of Italy where the traditions of the natives still have their roots far back in bygone centuries, and where the peasant children do not consider it below their dignity to follow in the footsteps of their fathers as tillers of the soil

*Photo, Donald McLeish*





#### CONFIDENCE AND AFFECTION IN OLD-WORLD AOSTA

This white-haired peasant-woman is a native of Aosta, a town in the province of Turin. Ancient Roman influence can be traced in many other buildings apart from this handsome portico, under which this lowly old dame spends long hours in company with her pet rabbit and in tending her geraniums and sweet herbs which fill the air with their fresh fragrance

*Photo, Donald McLeish*





#### OLD-WORLD TREASURES IN THE HEART OF MODERN VENICE

The Church of S. Mark, a noble basilica glowing with mosaics, bronzes, and enamels, has received its full share of homage from European devotees of beauty. Its impressive piazzetta contains two ancient granite columns of Eastern origin, one crowned with the winged lion of S. Mark, the tutelary saint of Venice, the other with a statue of S. Theodore, the patron of the ancient republic

*Photo, Donald McLeish*

graceful. They are seldom beautiful in feature. There has been such a mixture of races in Sicily that the types are curiously indeterminate. But their eyes are dark, lustrous, inscrutable. There is an Arab dignity in their flexible bodies which lends them both distinction and charm.

Goatherds, too, we meet on the hills, clad in garments of goathide, looking like descendants of Dionysus, and through the streets of Taormina the

flocks are driven to be milked at the door of every purchaser. Another quaint and pretty sight I saw one sunny December afternoon, a bagpipe-player, followed by a troop of children, for all the world like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, though, happily, without his tragic intent.

With sky and water of a blue that is unsurpassable in tenderness and depth, with a mixture of styles in architecture—Greek, Roman, Saracen, Norman,





#### FEEDING THE FEATHERED FLOCK OF S. MARK'S CATHEDRAL

On the trachyte and marble-paved Piazza of S. Mark's flocks of pigeons strut and flutter among the pedestrians, who reward their intrepidity with generous supplies of grain and peas. Towards evening the Piazza becomes a lively scene of whirling wings, as the doves cluster round the arches of S. Mark's, preparatory to nestling for the night in the nooks and crannies of the sacred building

*Photo, Underwood Press Service*

Gothic, Renaissance—with flowers and green foliage all the year round, Taormina attracts many winter visitors. The sun, from the moment of his rising, superb and splendid, until the time comes for him to sink in a crimson glory behind the ridge of Etna, sheds a glowing radiance over the panorama of sea and mountain. Yet there is shade if you know where to seek it, even at midday. The grey medieval

street which runs round the top of the half cup, whose sides plunge sheer down to the sea hundreds of feet below, secretes a surprising coolness. In the ruins of the Greek theatre, which closes one end of the semicircle, we can escape the heat and gaze through Corinthian pillars at Etna, snowy, sinister, superb, dominating the landscape of Sicily as Fujiyama dominates that of Japan. In the clear golden atmosphere the



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villages, and even the single houses, which lie thick upon the fertile flanks of the volcano, stand out white and distinct. The shore is a gentle curve,

vegetable strange to the English eye, deep purply-red like a plum. From the dusky recesses of Eastern-looking shops gleam suggestions of red copper

vessels and garish stuffs. The churches glow with mosaic, and if we are lucky enough to see a religious procession winding its way along a white street in a blaze of sunshine, with the grey green-flecked mountains above, and the sea basking in sapphire splendour below, there will be colour enough to drive a painter crazy. Until you have seen Sicily you can hardly understand what colour is. It is this vivid, passionate nature that accounts for the Sicilian temperament.

Yet another distinct Italian type is to be found in Venice and the province of Venetia. The tourist knows it not. He scarcely notices that there are any Italians in Venice beyond hotel keepers, waiters, shopkeepers, guides, and gondoliers. These are mostly not the real inhabitants at all. To realize the genuine



**DARK-EYED DAUGHTER OF THE CITY OF LAGOONS**

Full worthy of her beautiful birthplace is this handsome maid of Venice, whose vivacity, graceful physique, and refinement of manner are in such pleasant harmony with the natural beauties of her colourful surroundings

*Photo, C. Naya*

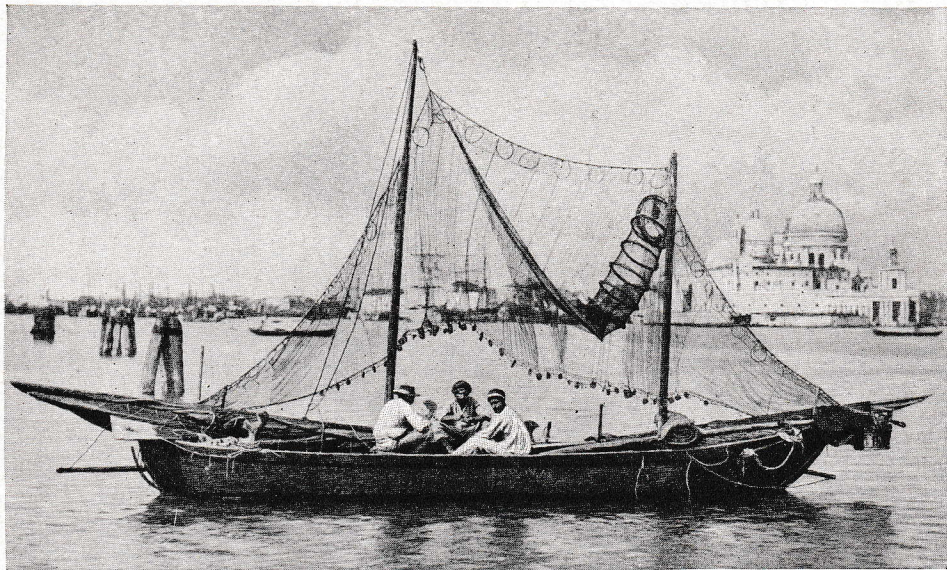
edged with a strip of pebbly beach. A vast green cultivated plain slopes quietly to the dream-like sea, which sleeps in the hot sun, still and shining like mother-o'-pearl and shot with opal hues, so that on the horizon it melts away imperceptibly into shimmering cloud.

They are a simple folk, the Sicilians. They love and hate fiercely. They live by their emotions. They delight in colour. Their very carts are painted in startling hues with scenes from history and legend. Their fruit stalls are gorgeous with the gold of oranges, the pink of prickly pears, the gay green of finocchio, and the deep red of a

Venetian we must enter the city of the lagoons by boat, and not by train. The railway station made me think the first time I arrived in it that, by some infernal magic, I had been transported back to Charing Cross or Cannon Street. Far better cross the lagoon in the little steamer which plies from Mestre or San Giuliano. Then, as we puff into the canal which runs past the quay of S. Job, we are plunged at once into the real as opposed to the tourists' Venice.

These are the "mean streets." We smile as we compare them with the horrible slums of London, Paris, or





#### MIDDAY REFRESHMENT ON THE GLEAMING WATERS OF THE LAGOON

These Venetian fishermen are resting from their labours to partake of the midday meal. A net has been hauled up and slung over the willowy masts, where it trembles in the breeze like the frail gossamer wing of a butterfly. Then, with laden baskets, they will make for Venice and dispose of their wares near the famous Rialto Bridge, the central point for retail dealers



#### WATER-FRONT NEAR THE LOFTY DUCAL PALACE OF VENICE

Alongside the piazzetta of S. Mark the gondolas have their chief stand, and here the livelong day may be heard the stentorian cry of the sunburnt gondolier: "Comanda la Barca, Signore?" Overlooking the busy scene towers the majestic Palace of the Doges, the seat of Venetian secular authority, which in splendour is scarcely outrivalled by any one of Italy's numerous architectural masterpieces





#### SIMPLE FOLKS OF BURANO PRACTISING THEIR BEAUTIFUL CRAFT

The women of the small fishing town of Burano, situated on an island about six miles from Venice, have long been noted for their beautiful lace. After a busy day's work the housewife is never so tired but that she can spend an hour or two at her pillow, and under the light play of her fingers among the bobbins lovely lacework of exquisite design is produced

*Photo, Donald McLeish*

Chicago. They may be dirty. They certainly smell at times. But there is no degradation here, no squalid ugliness. Then we turn into the Grand Canal, and once more yield our imaginations captive to the charm and wonder of this incomparable city.

How penetrating the charm, how inexhaustible the wonder, I learned afresh by seeing Venice under stress of war. Those who had known her only as a city of pleasure and sightseeing found it hard to conceive a Venice without crowds on the Piazza, without innumerable gondolas, without pictures, without statues, with the glorious front

of S. Mark hidden by sandbags and the delicious arcade which supports the Doges' Palace bricked up. But there were compensations. One could see the people of Venice. They owned their city, as they had once owned it before the tourist horde descended. Witty and sharp-tongued, the women sitting outside their houses with their needlework or peeling their potatoes, tossed back amusing replies to chaff. The ancient gondoliers had none of the jarring scraps of English that were picked up parrotwise by the young and handsome boatmen. They told the news of the day with mumbling



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garrulity in the Venetian patois, so hard to understand. The few guides who were left, made fierce by hunger, pursued the chance foreigner with desperate energy.

Most changed of all was the Piazza, usually the hub and centre of all movement, all activity. During the day it was deserted. At an hour when Florian's café used always to be

crowded to overflowing, I saw a weary tramp sleeping at a table in the open. A few people sat under the arcade, but no waiter thought it worth while to shoo the poor old scarecrow away. Only the pigeons were as many and as friendly as ever. Not many bought the old man's bags of maize to feed them, but they were fat and well-looking. The city saw to that. Not



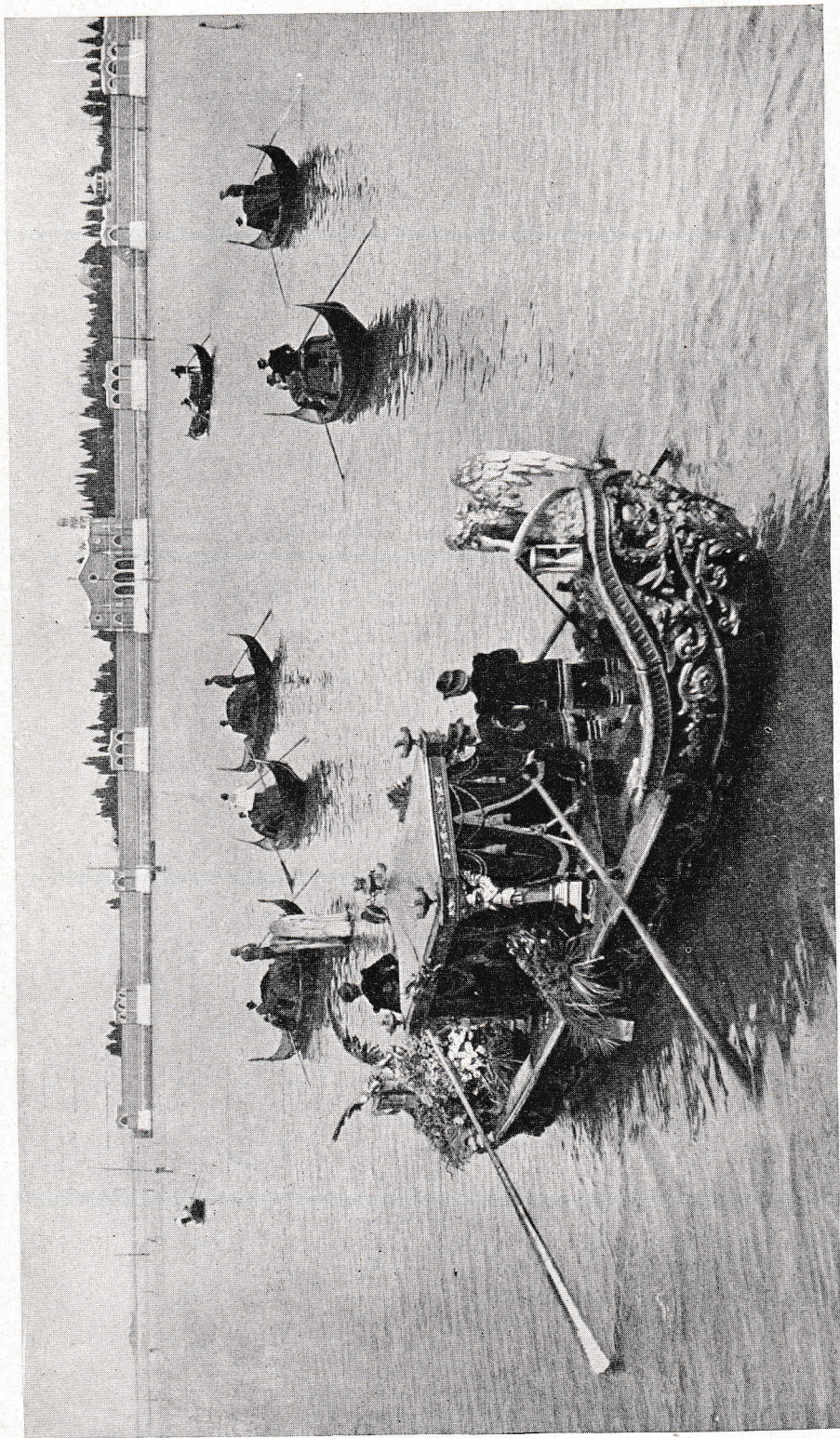
### HUMBLE FOLLOWER OF THE REVERED INDUSTRY OF MURANO

The island of Murano has been the seat of the Venetian glass industry since the fourteenth century. Originally introduced by Byzantine glass-workers during the Crusades, the industry developed rapidly, and its followers were held in such high esteem as to be eligible for the highest posts in the

Republic, the daughter of a glass-manufacturer inheriting her father's rank

*Photo, Donald McLeish*





VENETIAN HEARSE-BOAT, WITH ATTENDANT GONDOLAS, BEARING THE DEAD TO THE ISLAND OF REST

Gliding over the smooth surface of the half mile of water separating Venice from the Cemetery Island, draped funeral boats such as these are often to be seen. On the quiet islet, clearly defined in the background, the bodies of the dead are buried, and like all other Venetian ceremonies a funeral displays the romantic and gorgeous character that has always been associated with the doings of the Queen of the Adriatic, which still remains one of the most religious cities in Italy

*Photo, Donald McLeish*



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until after dark did the Piazza regain any semblance of its old self. Even then it was "like, but oh, how different!" Venice had fewer lights than London at its blackest period. Frequent were the raids of Austrian airmen. One or two cafés had music still and could almost fill their tables. Up and down under the arcade passed an attenuated throng. In the centre, seeking air, and the refreshment of the starry depths of pale, velvety blue, walked just a handful.

Yet, for all the changes, Venice had not changed. The soul of her rose above them. She floated, as she floats always, in an ether of shining memories. Her stones were as lovely and enchanting as ever. On her canals the reign of ancient peace was undisturbed by the passing threats and tumult of war. Still the morning broke glorious, gilding the towers and palaces that lay reflected in the motionless lagoon. Still at evening the sun died in a mist of crimson glory behind the roofs and domes and campaniles, which, so long as they exist, will stand among the perfect works of man.

It was in Venetia one autumn that I saw the vintage, and thereby learned to know better the pleasant folk of Italy's great fertile plain. The first signs of wine-making were at Padua. Strolling through its arcaded streets and blessing the builder, for the September sun was burning hot, we came upon a large cart with three men in it dancing vigorously. Why they danced appeared from the thin stream of pale red fluid which ran out of the bottom of the cart



### FRAGRANT FLOWERS FOR SALE

Although surrounded by the numberless beauties of Venice and the dazzling blue of sky and lagoon, the Venetian still keeps a corner in his heart for flowers, and the flower-girl is usually a smiling personification of contentment

*Photo, Donald McLeish*

into a tub set to catch it. When, at their invitation, I climbed on the wheel to peep into the cart, I saw a squelching mass of grapes in which the six bare feet went continually up and down.

"Ecco, signor," said one of the dancers, reaching out a leg purple with the blood of the vine, "ecco, vino."

Wine it was, indeed, though at that stage it was not tempting. One shrinks from the mere thought of drinking wine made by such a process, even after it has been fermented and clarified and brought into a state fit for the palate. You know that the fermentation carries off any unpleasant substances, and purifies the liquor which is to comfort man's heart. All the same, you do not fancy



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it. This simple method of wine-making, however, is only practised on a small scale. The farmer makes his own wine thus, and the humble innkeeper, and perhaps the poorer class of landed

an exposition of relics and High Mass. We had seen them earlier in the day praying earnestly to the saint and kissing, in the ecstasy of their devotion, the marble of his stately tomb. Was



FINE OLD SEAMAN OF THE ISLE OF CAPRI

Capri is a favourite resort for the tourist and artist on account of its romantic and bold scenery, and this old fisherman never tires of displaying to the multitudinous visitors the natural beauties of his island home

this the twentieth century, or were we back in the age when Donatello's great statue outside the church (the finest statue of a man on horseback in the world, they say) had just been set up to keep in mind the deeds of the famous warrior whose methods of warfare were commemorated by his nickname, Gattamelata, the patient cat? The hard white sunlight and the cool greystone cannot have looked any different then, and I make no doubt that the medieval wine-treaders were just such merry rogues as these, and made equally witty remarks about the appearance of pilgrims and the oddness and curiosity of strangers.

A few days later, as we walked through the smiling landscape which frames Verona, we found the operations of the grape harvest active on every side. In the hill villages the carpenters were hammering away at huge

proprietor who is far from wine-presses and such like conveniences of later civilization. All the wine that the hotel-keeper sets before the Signor Inglese is pretty certain to have been made in modern fashion. But the more ancient method is the more picturesque.

That street scene in Padua brought back in a flash the Italy of the Middle Ages. We were close to the great church of S. Antony of Padua. A stream of pilgrims was pouring out after

casks. The wine-presses were being scrubbed, having their screws and joints set in order. The whole available population had turned out into the vineyards to pick. At every turn of the road we met carts piled high with grapes, carts drawn by teams of patient oxen with satin hides and large, mild, wondering eyes, and curly formidable horns that set us marvelling they should bear the yoke so tamely. Not a hillside but had its terrace of



# ITALIAN HARMONIES

## *Of Life & Scenery*



*For these Sicilian villagers who dwell under the shadow of Mount Etna  
the charm of wild romantic nature is destroyed by the pinch of poverty*

Photos on pages 3057-3061 and 3072 by A. W. Cutler





*Under his rags and tatters the heart of this Sicilian grandsire glows with pride as he gazes into the open, upturned face of his son's son*





*Weather-stained and worn as the ancient walls, this Sicilian Darby and Joan still keep happy home in the tumbledown village of Mola*





*The heyday of vitality and vigour has long since waned in the storm and stress of life, and now, in close fraternity, these old folks of Sicily spend the evening of their days in a hospice for the aged poor*





*"Laugh, and the world laughs with you!" Though poor as church mice, these care-free children of a mountain village of sunny Sicily enjoy two of the greatest blessings of life—good health and high spirits*





*Time presses lightly on the Benedictine monks of Catania, Sicily, as they ponder the wisdom of the Book of Books within their garden fastness*





*In a pinewood setting lies the old Sacro Eremo of Camaldoli, whose monks have long held a reputation for austere discipline and sanctity*

Photo, C. Chichester





*Busy hands and lively chatter are the order of laundry day on the stone ledge skirting the placid stream in the old-world town of Omegna*

Photo, Donald McLeish





*In the centre of Lake Orta's sheet of shimmering blue is the Isle of San Giulio, widely famed for its ancient church founded in A.D. 379*

Photo, Donald McLeish





*From the quarries in this quiet neighbourhood near Lake Maggiore has come the building stone of many cathedrals and churches of Italy*



*This simple scene on Maggiore is transfigured by a lowly woman's maternal love, as was another humble shelter of a Mother and Child*

Photos, Donald McLeish





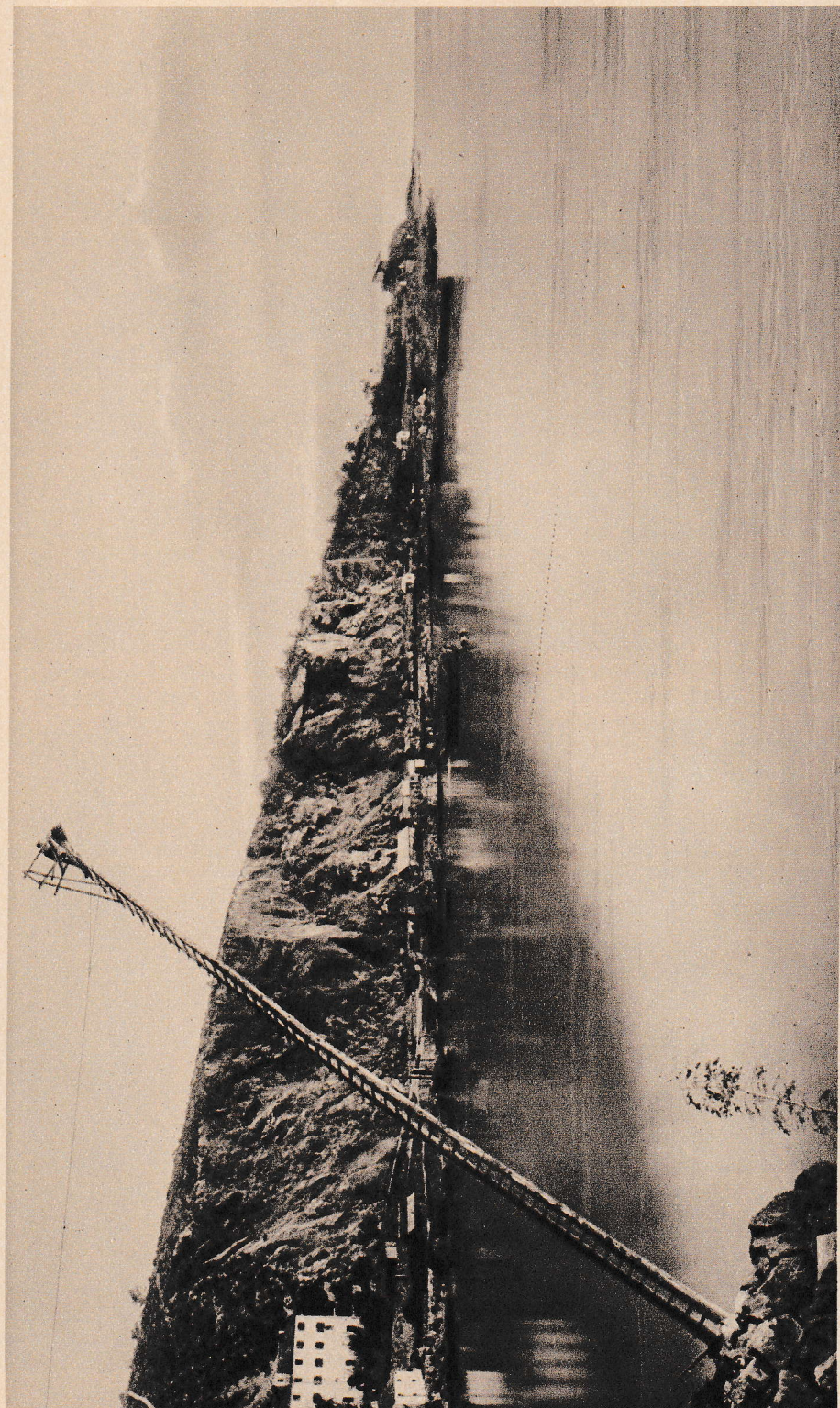
*Justly called the Garden of Lombardy are the fair districts bordering Lake Como, on which Nature has lavished every gift of beauty*



*Their lines are fallen unto them in pleasant places ; the glories of Como are a goodly heritage of which her children are justly proud*

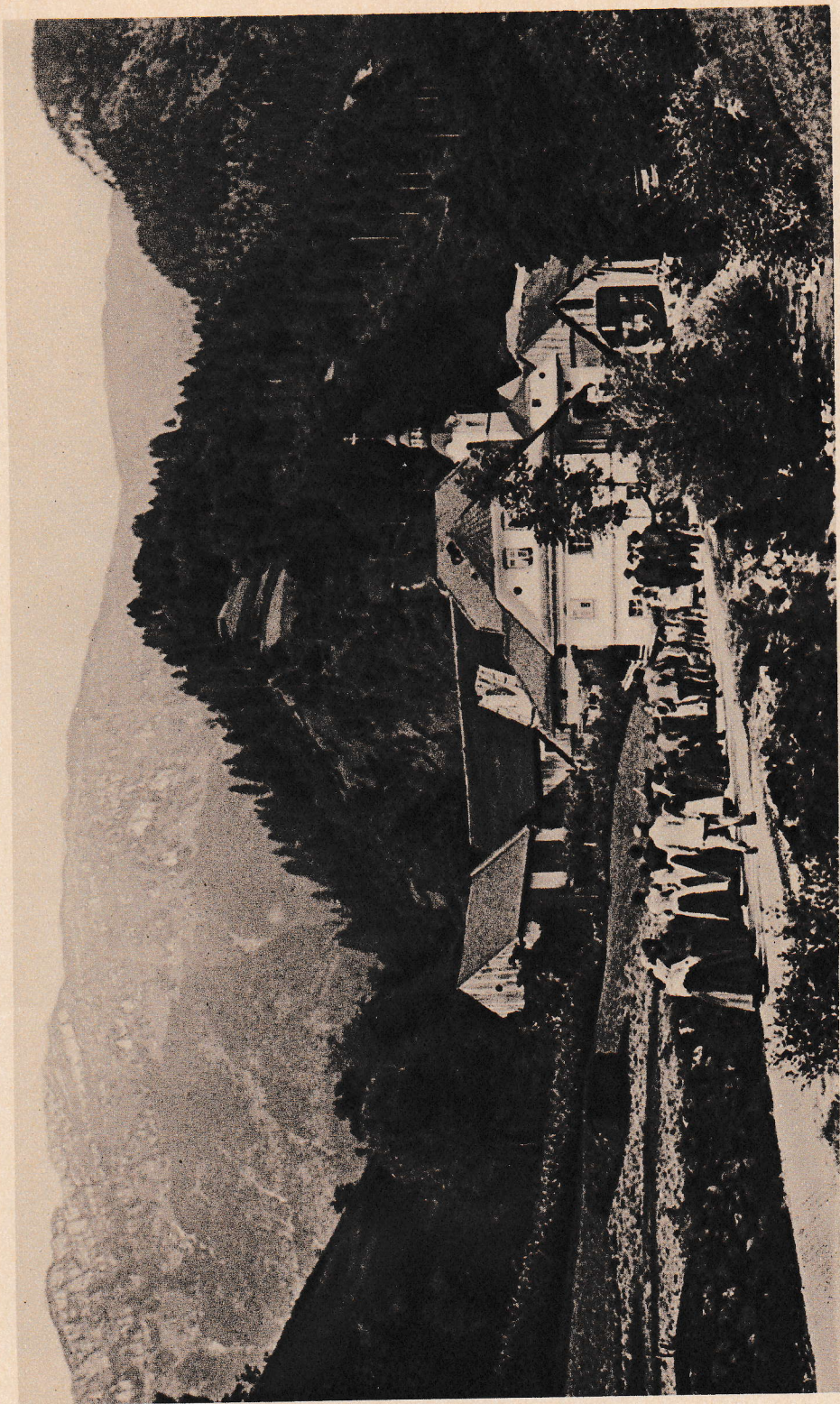
Photos, Donald McLeish





*From the precarious perch at the extremity of this lofty wooden device the men of the Istrian coast watch for the shoals of tunny fish that flounder unawares into the traps set by these wily fisherfolk*





*Churchward bound are these Istrian peasants. This sylvan paradise, filled with the song of birds and the rippling laughter of streams, is surely a nobler temple wherein one may worship than any made with hands*





*In the narrow alleys of the old town of San Remo mouldering houses, gaunt and sombre, stretch up to the tortuous ribbon of blue sky*

Photo, Horace W. Nicholls





*The Nativity of the Virgin is celebrated in Bellagio, a lovely resort on Lake Como, with solemn fervour and many time-honoured rites*

Photo, Donald McLeish





• Simple fare, suited to the simple life enjoined by monastic rule, is set before these monks of the highland village of Savoca, Sicily, who are seen here in the severe surroundings of their humble refectory



## ITALY & THE ITALIANS

vines, not a cottage without its pergola, not a garden that lacked its burden of grape-bearing. Not a foot of cultivable space from which the bounty of nature had not brought forth gifts to add to this plenteous harvesting. The very railway stations were festooned with gracious trails; amid the leafage could be spied the ripe bunches which were to furnish afresh the station-master's modest cellar.

And with all this profusion there was a kindly carelessness on man's part which to a northern eye had a special charm. The vines were trellised even along the roadway. The purple clusters with their delicate bloom, the breath of autumn upon them, hung within reach of any hand that might think it worth while to pick them. It was their very profusion that kept them safe. After all, if a few bunches were picked, what matter? "It is but a spoonful out of the sea."

That was, at any rate, the view of a peasant proprietor who was working in the midst of his grape-gatherers, a band of laughing peasant girls, and who invited us, with the grace of an archduke, to enter and help ourselves. We were more interested in the pickers than in the fruit, but we took a handful, and delicious they were, warm from the sun and ripened in the soft air to a fragrant delicacy of flavour. Still, our aim was not the satisfaction of our palate, but the bettering of our acquaintance with the people. Would it incommode the signorine if we took their photographs? So far from incommoding, this would,

it appeared, delight the signorine beyond everything. Then might we presume so far as to ask the signor to invite the signorine to stand with their baskets, so; and next, scissors in hand under the large vine, giusto; and yet again, upon



### SUGARED DRINKS FOR THE THIRSTY OF PALERMO

A cool draught on a sultry day never comes amiss, and honey-water, flavoured with lemon and slightly sweetened with sugar, is to the thirsty Sicilian in the sun-baked streets of Palermo not unlike what nectar was to the gods of old Olympus

*Photo, Georg Haeckel*

the ladder set against the tree which supports the trellis, exact. E fatto. Grazie tanto. (All over. Thank you very much). To which we receive in reply a chorus of "Niente, niente." (It is nothing at all).

All through Venetia, all through Italy, indeed, but I think especially in Venetia, this same gentle courtesy of manner smooths down the asperities of life. Mr. Howells, I seem to remember,





#### MODENA'S MEDIEVAL MASTERPIECE OVERLOOKS ITS MODERN MARKET

A beautiful touch of animation and colour is given to the grey old town of Modena by the fruit and vegetable market, which floods the Piazza Grande with its rich luxuriance. In the background, above the throng of busy buyers and sellers, the cathedral, Modena's pride, towers solemn and majestic, its austere Romanesque aspect contrasting pleasantly with the bustle and business of modern Modena

*Photo, Donald McLeish*

attributes the pleasing manners of the Italian to the ages upon ages of civilization that lie behind him. The Italian, says this writer in effect, is attractive because he has been polished by many centuries of polite intercourse. The Anglo-Saxon is a barbarian still; the savage traits in his nature are not yet

eradicated. Thus Mr. Howells; but for my part I fancy the climate has a good deal to do with it. Hardships enough the peasants of Venetia endure, yet they are never brooding, harsh, or misanthropic.

How vastly better to bear, if you can, your troubles with a smile, than to groan and grumble as we should under like



## ITALY & THE ITALIANS

burdens of extortion and need. Perhaps, though, under the Italian sky, even northerners might learn to smile more readily. How it poured down upon those vineyards in October! The heat-haze which hid the far-off hills in a silvery mist would have done credit to July. The "baked cicala" (grass-hopper) filled the air with a deafening chirrup, the timid lizards rushed up walls at the sound of our footsteps. Farther south the sun had burned all colour out of the prospect—one could see nothing but the neutral tints of light-brown earth and grey-green olive leaf.

In Venetia the grass was green, the acacia still wore its vivid livery of spring. As we sat by the roadside, under the grudging shade of stunted olive trees, a handsome, brown-eyed, straight-featured peasant came along, and feeling the heat, stooped down and dashed water from a brook over his

brown hands and face, and so, with a smile and a "buon giorno" went on his way refreshed.

From the pickers' hands to the baskets carried yoke-wise on the shoulder or else on the back, from the baskets to the huge tubs on the ox-wagons, from the tubs to the press or the treading-cart—these are the stages in the transformation of grapes into wine. White wine you get if you separate skins and stalks from fruit, red wine is the result of everything going into the press together.

The Italians are careless wine-makers. They are not so particular as the French about what the press crushes, therefore their wine is rougher, lacking the quality of silkiness that wine merchants extol. But Italian wine is real wine, and nearly always pure wine. It is mostly sold in casks, not in bottles. Unless you order an Asti spumante



PADUAN MARKET PLACE IN A JUDICIAL SETTING

An interesting medieval structure of Padua, a city famed throughout the Middle Ages as a centre of Italian literature and art, is the Palazzo della Ragione (called the Salone, after the great hall on its upper floor), begun in 1172 as a court of justice, and the stone pillory still exists on which debtors were exposed to the derision of the populace in the market place



## ITALY & THE ITALIANS

or some other of the "fizzy" brands, you get your wine at hotel and restaurant straight from the cask. An elaborate show of cork-drawing, sometimes even a neatly arranged piece of tinfoil round the neck of the bottle, may deceive the inexperienced traveller, but he may rest assured that he is drinking "wine from the wood," as English public-houses used to call it.

Italians of all classes, knowing the difference between well-cooked and badly-cooked food, insist upon being properly nourished. Therefore, neither their palate nor their stomach craves for fiery stimulation. They are a temperate, eupeptic race.

While I was with the Italian Army in the field during the Great War, I had plenty of opportunities to see how much



### HUCKSTERS BARTER WHERE MONTAGUE AND CAPULET BRAWLED

Once the forum of Verona, the Piazza delle Erbe is one of the most picturesque squares in Italy. Umbrella-protected stalls of fruit and vegetables now surround the canopied tribune where the Signori and the Podestà were elected in the fifteenth century. At the far end is the fine baroque Palazzo Trezza, with a column surmounted by the Lion of S. Mark before it

*Photo, Donald McLeish*

One effect of the honest character of Italian wine is that you very seldom see drunken men. A drunken Italian woman I have never seen. I do not know anyone who has. The shame and horror of it would be too acutely felt. The cafés are well filled. On Sunday evenings they are crowded. But there is in them no drinking in the harmful sense. Spirits do not make the same appeal to the Italians as they do to people in cold, damp climates. And

hard work the soldiers could do upon rations which an Englishman would have called "scarcely enough to feed a bird on." The officers fared wonderfully well. I have had dinners high up in the mountains, where all supplies had to be got up by "teleferica," which would have done credit to a restaurant in Rome or even Paris. Often I felt ashamed to sit down to a well-served table and eat luxuriously while the men were supping their pannikins of soup





#### PRACTISING THE INTRICATE STEPS OF THE TARANTELLA

Dancing is the delight of all Italians, and accompanies or terminates most of their entertainments in town or country. The tarantella, or Neapolitan dance, enjoys universal favour among the Italian peasantry. In triple time, it begins slowly and gradually increases in speed until the dancers, accompanied by tambourine or castanets, whirl rapidly in a veritable maze of lightning steps



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and macaroni or rice, standing about outside the cook-house from which it was served out.

These telefericas in the mountain regions of the Italian front impressed all who used them as evidence of that mechanical ingenuity which in the Italy of to-day takes the place of that medieval passion for beauty of which Italian art was the child. The fighting in the Dolomites and the Julian Alps could not have been carried on without them. One summer morning I found myself at the top of one of the highest peaks in the Dolomite group. To reach

the summit, ten thousand feet up, from Cortina, on foot, took even hardened climbers the best part of a day. Yet I arrived within less than two hours after leaving the Alpini officers' mess in the town.

I had climbed into a narrow box, like a coffin, with just enough room in it for two people, sitting snug, and this box, slung on a wire rope, had been tugged upward, sometimes at an angle approaching the perpendicular, swinging in mid-air hundreds of feet above rocks, loose stones, and snow. I caught myself wondering the first time I travelled by



WITHIN THE WALLS OF AN ITALIAN RELIGIOUS HOUSE

These nuns are inmates of a convent near Perugia, the picturesque old town built on a group of hills overlooking the valley of the Tiber. Besides religious duties, social work forms an important part of the daily routine, and these women, some of whom are from the upper classes, devote much time to teaching and nursing, and offer admirable examples of useful and charitable lives

*Photo, C. Chichester*





#### GOOD SAMARITANS OF THE PERILOUS ALPINE PASSES

By countless selfless deeds they have gained for themselves a name that arouses instant admiration and enthusiasm in the hearts of all civilized peoples. The good monks of the hospice of S. Bernard! Who has not heard of them and their daring exploits when, caring naught for personal safety, they brave the elements to bring succour to travellers lost in the treacherous Alpine snows?

*Photo, Donald McLeish*

teleferica whether, if the rope broke, it would be better to fall on rock and be killed outright, or on snow, with the offchance of being alive when picked out.

The tugging upward of the box was done by powerful motors housed in sheds. There were occasional accidents, but wonderfully few considering the constant use of the wire-ropes and the

necessity of sending up the carriers in all kinds of weather. To one part of the line I ascended by means of five telefericas, one after the other. Then we found dog-sleighs waiting for us; we had come to the region of perpetual snow.

In the sleighs we were pulled for some miles by the willing dogs. Then we had to walk for nearly an hour. Everything



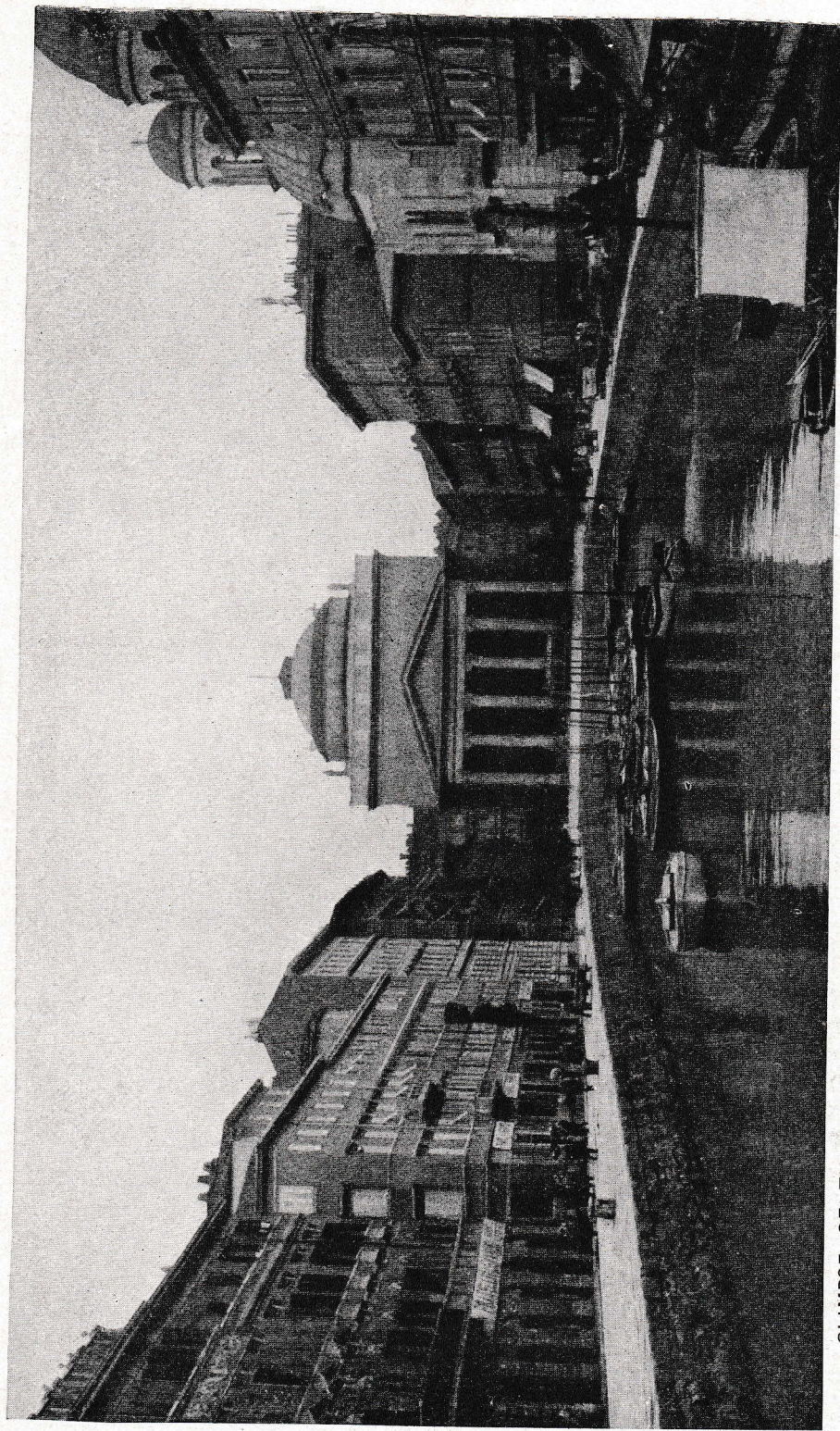


# QUAYSIDE OF TRIESTE, THE FORMER GREAT EMPORIUM FOR AUSTRIAN TRADE IN THE ADRIATIC

Trieste, the former chief seaport of Austria, stands on the Adriatic at the head of the Gulf of Trieste, and was assigned to Italy by the Treaty of St. Germain. The old town was a Roman colony under Vespasian, known as Tergeste, and still contains many precious Roman antiquities, among which a ruined amphitheatre and aqueduct attest its importance under the Caesars. The long, narrow streets wind up the steep slopes of the Castle Hill, and overlook the broad thoroughfares of the fine houses of the modern town bordering on the sea

*Photo, Donald McLeish*





# GLIMPSE OF THE GRAND CANAL OF TRIESTE, WITH THE CHURCH OF S. ANTONIO IN THE BACKGROUND

As an Austrian seaport the importance of Trieste was augmented by every possible political device. With its several moles and breakwaters, most of which have been constructed in recent years, the harbour is the centre of an immense maritime trade. The mouth of the Grand Canal is a very busy waterway, invariably filled with shipping. At the east end of the canal rises the Church of S. Antonio Nuovo, a handsome edifice in the Greek style, erected towards the middle of the nineteenth century, while to the right there is a glimpse of the Serbian church of S. Spiridione.





#### LATEST INHERITORS OF ISTRIA'S HISTORIC SEAPORT

Romans and Istrians, Venetians and Genoese, Austrians and Italians have all in turn been masters of Pola, with its fine harbour at the head of the Bay of Pola. This street, the Via Sergia, commemorates in its name the Sergii whose fine triumphal arch in the Corinthian style, erected soon after the battle of Actium in 31 B.C., is the oldest Roman relic in the town



#### FRIENDLY GREETINGS ON AN ISTRIAN COUNTRY ROAD NEAR POLA

The peninsula of Istria formerly belonged to the Austrian Küstenland, or Coastland, and is now under Italian suzerainty. Most of the inhabitants are Yugo-Slavs, mainly Croats and Slovenes, but large numbers of Italians are to be found in the cities and along the coast. The peasants, a thrifty, simple folk, are engaged chiefly in agriculture, and cultivate their small holdings with considerable success





#### WAYSIDE SCENE IN A ROCK-BOUND REGION OF ISTRIA

The bleak and barren aspect of this district, in the vicinity of Pola, is relieved by the old Roman well and water-trough, which must come as a refreshing sight to way-worn pedestrians and their four-footed companions. Relics of Roman ingenuity are numerous in and near Pola, which came under Roman power about 178 B.C., and still contains a remarkably fine amphitheatre and temple



#### ISTRIAN LAND LABOURER HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE FIELDS

He is a native of Dignano, a town in Istria, the Italian peninsula at the head of the Adriatic Sea. Away in the hills is his small plot of land, a prized possession. Here, in the spring when the rain falls, and in the autumn when the dry sirocco blows, he works throughout the day, and as evening approaches leisurely wends his way towards his humble abode





#### HEALTHY SPECIMENS OF WOMANHOOD FROM ISTRIAN SOIL

The robust constitutions of these girls of a district of South Istria are due to the salt winds and the mountain air of their invigorating surroundings. Their Sunday best, consisting of a full silk skirt, tight bodice, and a light fringed shawl neatly draped over the shoulders, is the national costume of their people, and sets off their fine stature to a nicety.

that the troops in this front line needed had to be brought up in this way. Not only their food and their ammunition, but every piece of firewood even. Up in the region of perpetual snow there was nothing.

In these high places of the earth the troops employed were nearly all Alpini, men from the Italian Alpine villages, accustomed to high altitudes from birth.

No other troops could have supported so easily, and even gaily, the conditions of life on rocky peaks and snowy ridges, far above the rest of mankind. I found the thin atmosphere trying even at mid-summer. I suffered for a day or two from a form of mountain sickness. I had to wear snow-goggles to protect my eyes. My face became, in the beginning scarlet, and later on skinless, from the

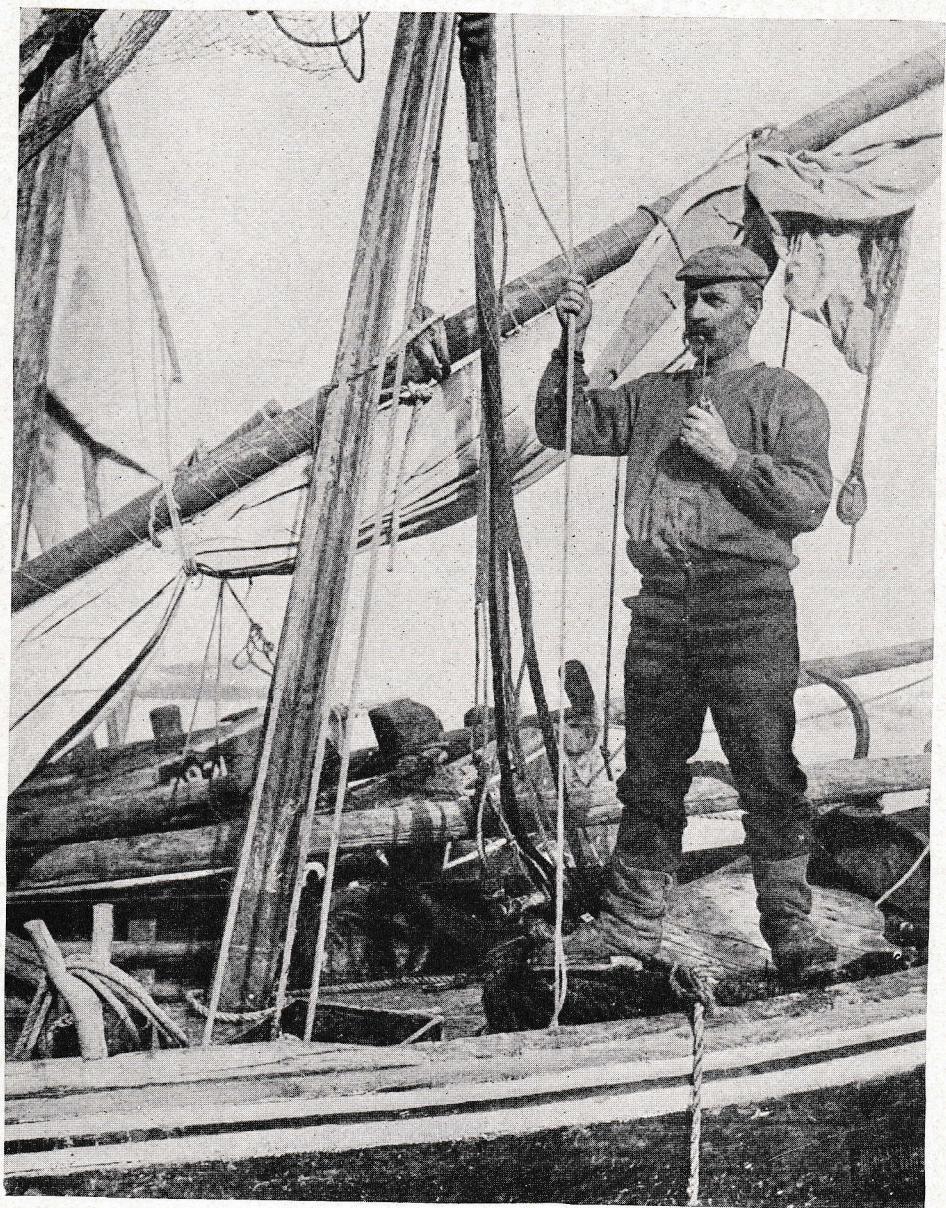


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combined effect of sun and snow. I discovered for the first time, while I scrambled up an almost perpendicular rock-face, and clung with the desperate energy of a drowning man to a rope which dangled from the top, what it meant to be forty-seven years of age.

None of these things troubled the Alpini, though their ages ran up to fifty. The older men, I was told frequently, were among the best.

These Alpine soldiers were more like chamois than human beings. They leapt about in places where a slip meant



**BRAVING THE BOISTEROUS BREEZE IN ADRIATIC WATERS**

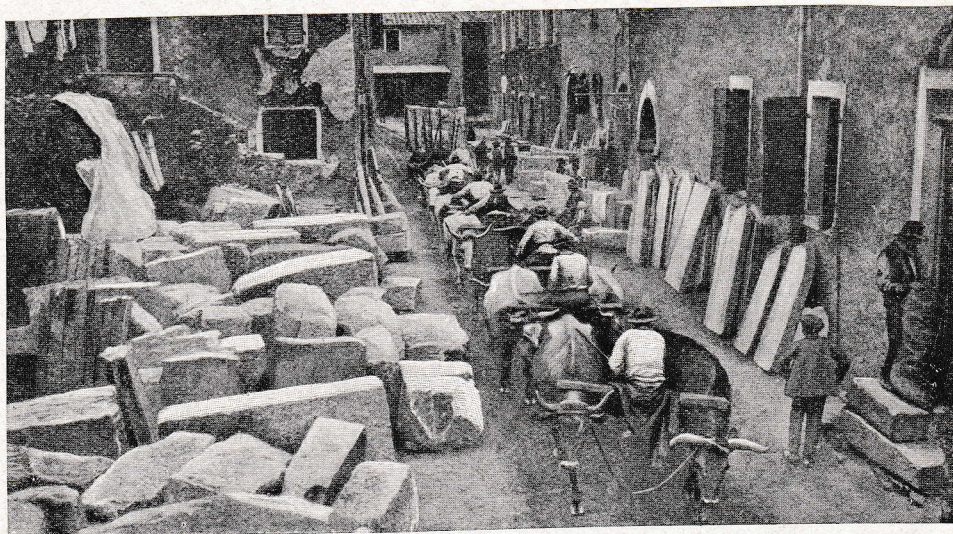
A fisherman from the island of Lussin, formerly an Austrian possession, but ceded to Italy, together with Istria, by the Treaty of St. Germain. Rough and uncouth as are many of its natives, they display unusual capacities as seafaring men, their muscles of whipcord and nerves of steel standing them in good stead as they ride the turbulent waters of the Adriatic





### GIANT BLOCKS OF MARBLE ON THE WAY TO THE WORLD'S WORKSHOPS

Carrara has long been noted for its neighbouring marble quarries which produce most of the finer sorts of marble used by sculptors. Some 6,000 men are employed in these quarries, and their work consists chiefly in blasting the rocks, in hewing the great marble blocks into squares, and in dragging them by means of wooden rollers to the carts which are drawn by teams of oxen to the harbour



### TRANSPORTING THE FAMOUS MARBLE FROM QUARRY TO QUAY

The long procession of carts with their burdens of glistening marble, drawn by oxen, four to ten pairs to each cart, presents a most remarkable sight as they wind down the steep and rugged mountain slopes to the small harbour near Carrara, whence they are shipped to all parts of the world. The drivers often sit on the yokes facing the rear, their sing-song cries urging the beasts onwards



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destruction with, not merely a disregard, but a positive unconsciousness, of danger. They stood on pointed crags with eternity around and below them as if they were on a Canadian prairie or a Russian steppe. They ran down slopes, where their visitor sought most carefully each separate foothold, with an apparent longing to be dashed to pieces.

of rock and stones. Several times I was told to be quick across a sandy slope on the steep side of a mountain so as not to be caught by a rush from above. The Alpini seemed to me to possess a special sense which told them when peril was to be feared. Their ears may be sensitive to foreboding sounds which are not noticed by the people of the



**FISHING-SMACK FROM POLA PORT: THE SKIPPER AND HIS CREW**

On the peninsula of Istria, gained by Italy from Austria during the Great War, stands Pola harbour, once the chief base of the Austrian navy. Now these waters of the Northern Adriatic are scoured by fishermen instead of fleets, and this hoary old smacksman, though, like his craft, somewhat worn by wind and water, is still as sturdy as the staunch planks on which he sits

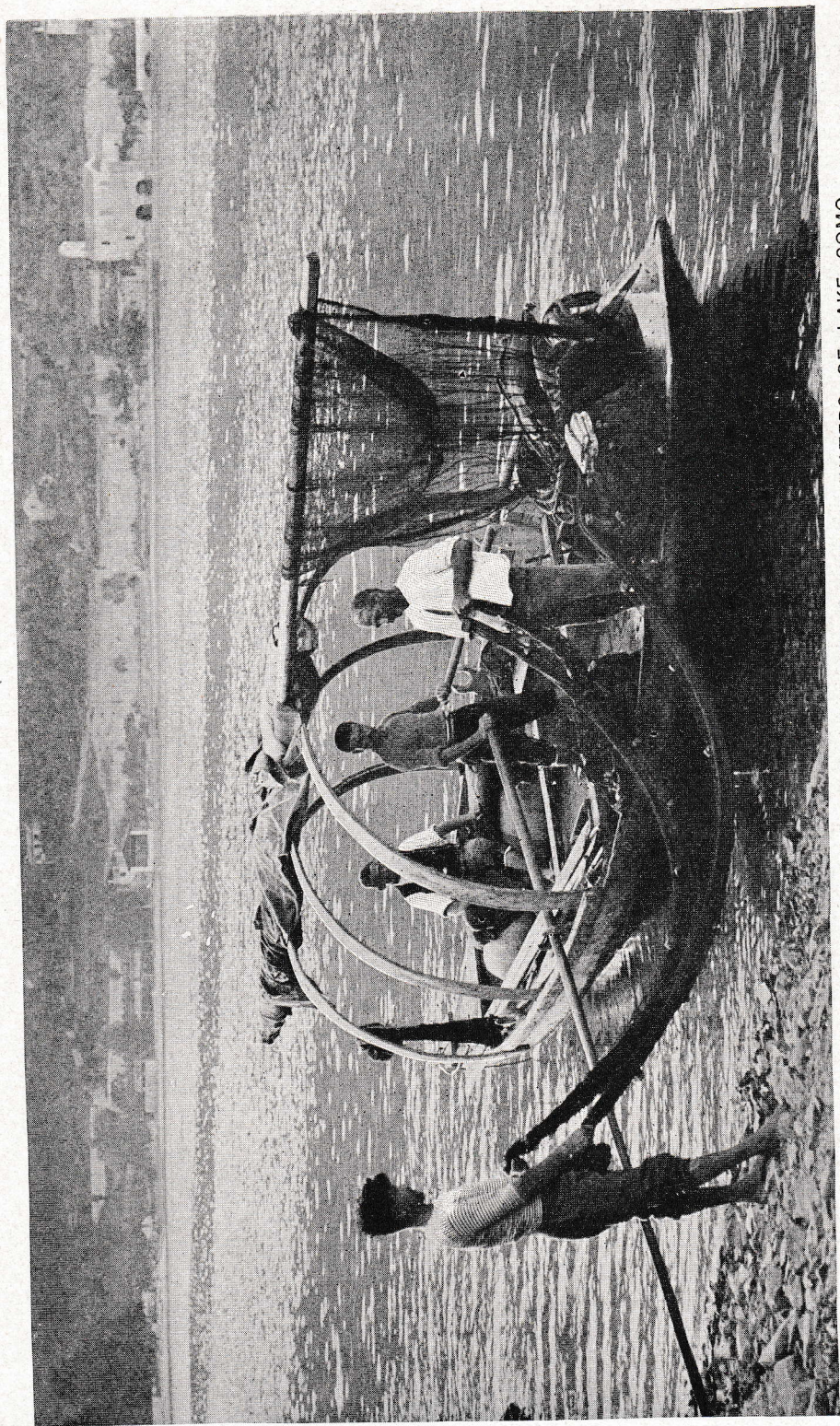
They took no more notice of the huge boards which said: "Beware of Avalanches!" than a city-dweller takes of admonitions to be careful in crossing the road. Yet I saw spots where whole columns of men and parties of road-makers had been swept into annihilation, where wooden barracks had been torn off mountain-sides and hurled into space with all their occupants.

Even when there was respite from avalanches there was danger from falls

plain. They always knew when to "step lively," as a corporal who had lived in New York phrased it to me one day.

Of all the soldiers whose acquaintance I made during the war the Italians alone made any approach to gaiety of spirit. The British were cheerful in a cynical, Mark Tapley-ish kind of way. The French set their teeth and swore—how they swore! The Russians were like children, now finding some enjoyment, now bewildered, now despairing, and





WHEN THE EVENING SHADOWS LENGTHEN ON THE TRANQUIL WATERS OF LAKE COMO

In Lombardy, near the Swiss border, lies one of the most beautiful of the Italian lakes, Lake Como. Surrounded by lofty hills, whose slopes are covered with flowering gardens and luxuriant groves, its shores studded with picturesque villages and villas, the lake resembles a shining jewel in a resplendent setting. All the bright day long the fisherfolk are busy at their labours, but when the sunlight fades they make for home, and set their nets for the night to the restful melody of evensong

*Photo, Donald McLetch*





**BRIGHTLY GLEAMING BANNERS TROOPED TO RECEIVE THE BISHOP'S BLESSING AT AVRONA**

Many travellers will remember the colossal bronze statue of S. Carlo Borromeo that stands on a height near Aversa at the southern end of Lake Maggiore. The burial-place of the Borromeo family is in the Church of S. Maria at Aversa, to the porch of which all eyes are turned in this photograph. The occasion is a visit from the Bishop of Novara to bless the banners of the religious communities in the neighbouring villages, and the square of the little town is packed with a reverent crowd

*Photo, Donald McLeish*





#### AMONG THE GOATHERDS OF SOUTHERN ITALY

In these shaggy costumes they brave all weathers and fear none; nevertheless, the umbrella forms a part of their field equipment, for the open-air life of the goatherd is not all sunshine. Despite their rough-and-ready exterior, they are remarkably humane and devoted to their wards, and should there be a sickly member of the flock, they tend and care for it with exemplary skill

*Photo, A. W. Cutler*

the next hour filled with confidence. The Americans frankly hated the whole business of soldiering, but had made their minds up to see it through.

Only the Italians had the happy knack of forgetting their trouble and "living for the moment." They were at their best when they attacked. Appeals in fervid language to their patriotism scarcely ever failed. What they found most trying was to "stick it" in trenches, having hell rained upon them from the Austrian heavy guns. When they thought about the war they were anything but gay.

The Italian temperament is not reflective. Italians are not given to brooding. Their emotions flash out and are burned away by their own impetuosity. They keep their spiritual flues clean, do not let them get clogged. They are, therefore, able to be happy, good-tempered, gay.

Neither English nor French ever understood how hard were some of the tasks set to their Italian comrades in the Great War. Not only among the mountains. That hideous stony desolation, the Carso, was even worse ground to fight over. From a valley you went up and up through woods on to a



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plateau, which stretched as far as you could see every way. There was hardly any soil, only just enough to support a thin, harsh vegetation. The plateau is of rock, with loose stones covering it over the greater part of its area.

No trenches could be dug on the Carso. They had to be drilled and blasted out of the solid rock. How were the graves made in the pathetic little cemeteries one came across? They were hewn in the rock like the tomb which belonged to Joseph of Arimathea. And, of course, there was no water in this desert. Every drop the troops needed (and they needed a great deal under the burning sun) had to be carried up on to the plateau through pipes. More than once pursuit of the enemy had to stop for the reason that the pursuers were too parched to follow up their victory.

These and other difficulties the Italians overcame with obstinate patience. In many a fight their soldiers did well. Yet it may be doubted whether the war left behind good effects upon the Italian people. They were bitterly disillusioned when they found they were in for a long struggle. Their politicians had promised them that they would quickly recover from their old enemy Austria the territories they claimed on account of their Italian populations. The people suffered in many ways. Their feeling at the finish was one of resentment against those who had made them suffer.

This they may forget now they have got back to their work. Their natural carelessness and gaiety may reassert themselves. Whether these qualities could survive such a growth of industrialism as is gleefully foretold by those



BUSY BY-STREET IN A SMALL ADRIATIC FISHING-PORT

This is one of the several pleasant old thoroughfares in Grado, a quaintly-built fishing town at the head of the Adriatic. Genial, laughter-loving people are the inhabitants; busy as bees when the mood takes them; their intense fondness for social life drawing most of them to open-air occupations, and even the women manage to perform some of the household duties in the streets

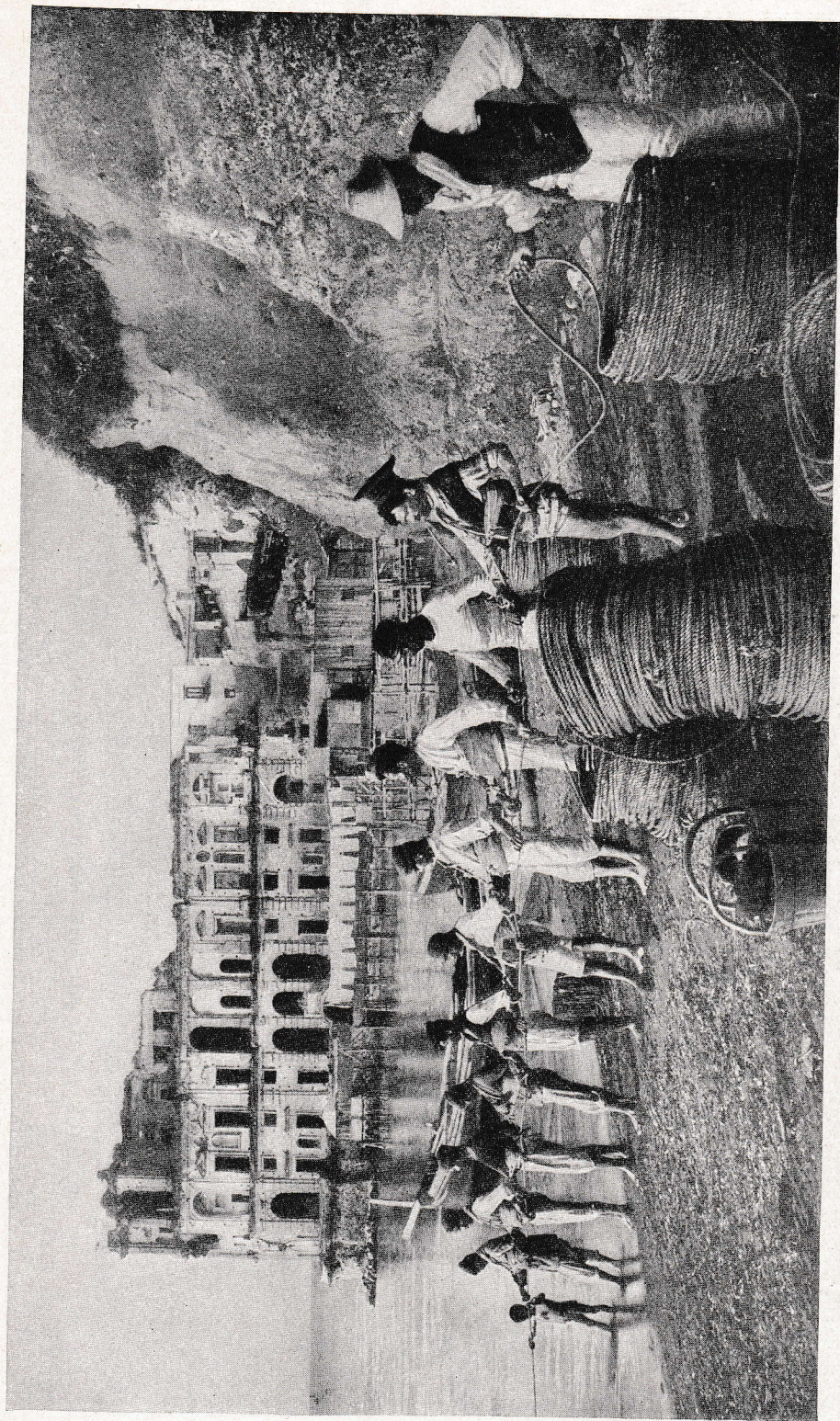




REPRESENTATIVES OF A SLAVONIC RACE IN AN ITALIAN SEAPORT TOWN

Even under Austrian rule, Zara, the Dalmatian seaport, was a town of thoroughly Italian character. Picturesquely situated on the Zara Canal, it is a lively place, teeming with busy movement. The country people, whose coloured costumes add to the interest of the town, are known as Morlaks, and belong to the Slavonic element of Dalmatia. These handsome women dominate among the peasant traders in the harbour market, to which they bring their poultry and supplies of grain.





FISHER FOLK OF NAPLES HAULING IN THEIR NET ON THE BEACH AT POSILIPO

Jutting out into the blue Mediterranean, the cape and village of Posilipo lie just west of Naples city, and form a suburb. The place is redolent of classic times, and among the vineyards stands the tomb of Virgil, while the ruined palace whose pierced and riddled shell is all that time has left, was once the residence of Donn' Anna Caraffa, a seventeenth-century duchess. Now, unawed by ducal authority, these fisher folk are bringing to shore to-morrow's breakfast for the people of the neighbouring town

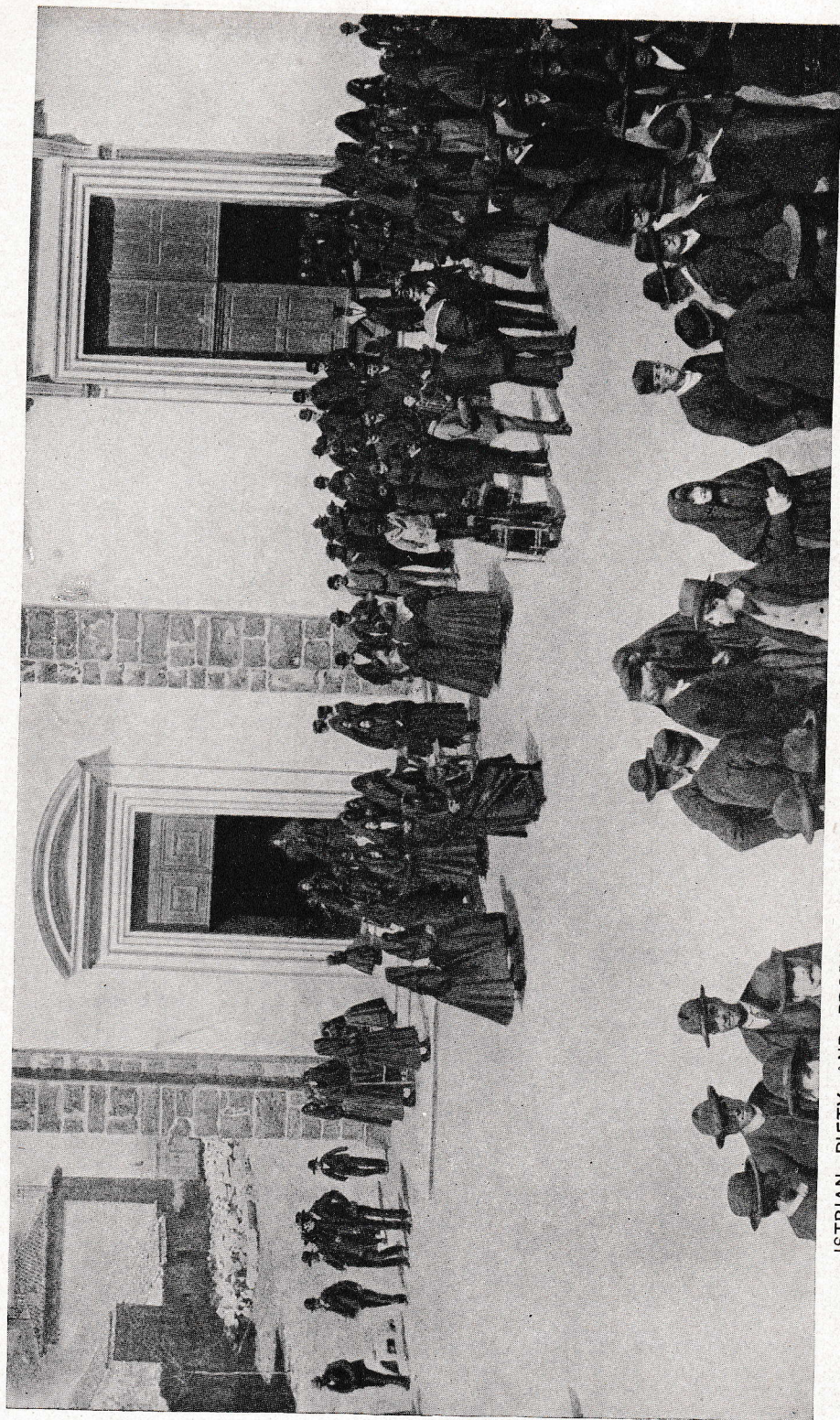




ROADSIDE SIESTA IN THE NOONDAY HEAT BY A SHADY BACK STREET OF SAN REMO

While thousands of visitors throng in languid flocks the gay promenades and bright villas of the new town of San Remo, the old city, wrapping with its twisted, sloping streets a steep hill, is yet one of the most attractive localities of the beautiful Italian Riviera. The wanderer who cares to lose himself awhile in these ways, may, any moment, light upon such a scene as this, with the smiling signore grouped about their doorways and perhaps just such a laden mule tapping the cobbles





ISTRIAN PIETY AND PROPRIETY PASSING THE TIME OF DAY AFTER THE MORNING SERVICE

A sober, darkly-clad throng has gathered outside the church at Dignano on this Sabbath morn. The women's costumes, especially, are conspicuous for their strange uniformity and lack of bright colouring. The men's attire is less sombre, and a couple of "blue-jackets" break the monotony of the scene. Istria is a rugged, sea-bound country, very hilly in the interior, which is inhabited chiefly by Yugo-Slav shepherds; most of the Istrian population dwell in the low coastlands





#### PATIENCE SHELTERED IN BORDIGHERA'S ROMAN GATEWAY

Like the old town of San Remo, the old town or upper quarter of neighbouring Bordighera comprises a maze of narrow streets built on steps up the hill slope, the tall houses being mutually supported by overhead arches. Wheeled traffic is impracticable in these stepped causeways, and donkeys patter up and down the cobbles bearing whatever loads the people cannot carry on their heads.

*Photo, Horace W. Nicholls*





#### GOSSIP IN THE VIA SAN GIUSEPPE, IN OLD SAN REMO

Very different from the spacious promenades of the new town of San Remo are the labyrinthine alleys of the old town. Here the crowded houses rise, tall and rugged, sheer from the cobbled streets that form narrow stairways up the hill, linked overhead by arches for mutual support in time of earthquake. But though the houses lack external grace, they shelter cheery, amiable people

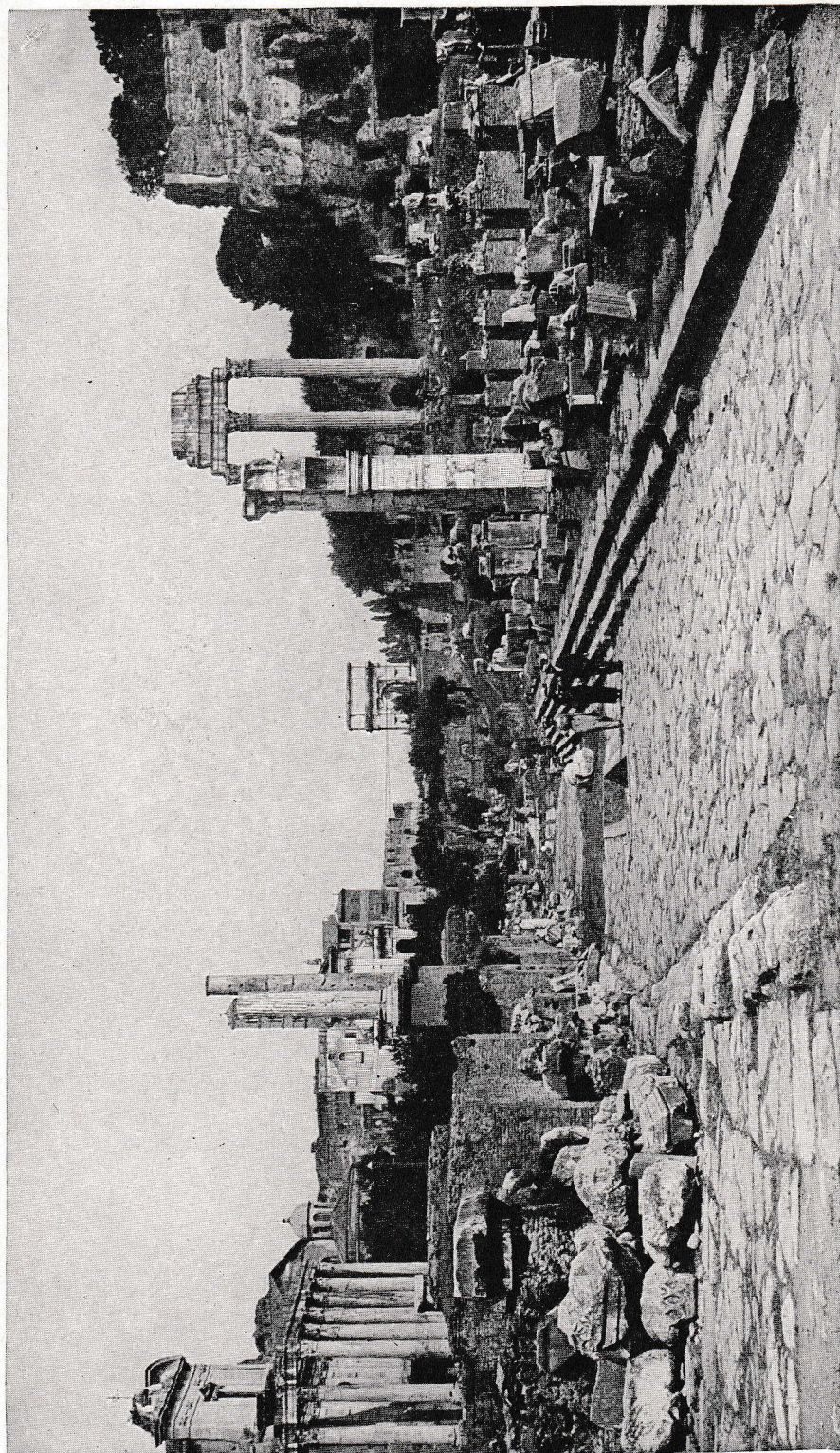
*Photo, Horace W. Nicholls*

whose shallow intelligence takes into account only material prosperity, I take leave to doubt. The industrialised Italian loses much of his national charm. His manners are still pleasanter than those of industrials in other countries. He takes a pride in keeping clean and in dressing well when he has done his work. But he is easily duped. He is

credulous, easily influenced, fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, as was shown both by the short Socialist attempt at domination and by the dictatorship of the Fascisti which followed it.

Divorce the Italian from the soil and his character changes—not for the better, but for the worse.





**BEAUTEOUS RUINS OF THE FORUM ROMANUM, THE CENTRE OF THE LIFE OF ANCIENT ROME**

Rome, the city built on seven hills, was for many centuries the mistress of the world and was known as the Eternal City, so mighty and magnificent was this centre of the Roman Empire. But to-day little remains of that glorious epoch, the Forum being its most notable relic, which, as our photograph shows, is a mere mass of ruined temples and monuments, the great architectural beauty of which is eloquent of the splendour of the departed Empire

*Photo, Donald McLeish*



# Italy

## II. The Rise & Progress of Italian Nationhood

By Edward Hutton

Author of "Italy and the Italians," etc.

**T**HERE could scarcely be found a better example of the modern energy and vitality of what we call nationality than the country whose history we are about to consider. The nineteenth century gives us two major examples of this energy, overwhelming in their force—the achievement of nationhood by the Germans and by the Italians. Of these the latter is not only the more complete and significant, but, rightly considered, is perhaps the most impressive and the most lasting political achievement of that great creative time.

That Italy should have been so late in achieving unity and nationhood might at first sight seem difficult to account for; but on closer examination we shall easily discern the reasons for it, not only in her political history and in her geographical position, but especially in her spiritual relations to the rest of Europe.

These spiritual relations exist not only in a strictly religious sense, in which she appears as the seat of the Papacy and the source of the Catholic Faith, but also in the sense that she was the mother and the generous parent of all civilization and humanism: so that it was from her we learnt not only to plough, but to write, to paint, and to think; and from her we learnt the story of the past, and even of our own past.

The great international position thus given her, obscured for many centuries, as it were, her own identity; though that she was always passively aware of this is borne witness to by the fact that it would be impossible to find an Italian of to-day who would not claim that the first and complete impulse towards a realization of Italian nationality was expressed by Dante Alighieri at the beginning of the fourteenth century.

### Italy Bound up with Rome

The history of Italy properly begins with the foundation of Rome (753 B.C.), and just as the history of Italy begins with that of Rome, so it has no existence apart from Rome. By 265 B.C. the whole peninsula south of the Apennines was in reality subject to Rome, though the genius of Roman diplomacy had, in nearly every case, known how to mask that subjection by infinitely various terms of agreement. The great test of this achievement came with the second

Punic War (218-201 B.C.), in which the Semitic and essentially commercial power of Carthage, based on the command of the sea, was overthrown, and Rome was saved, and with her Italy and Europe and all that we value in life to-day.

This decision was achieved largely by the loyalty of the eighteen Italian colonies, and finally by the defeat of the Carthaginian armies at the Metaurus 207 B.C. The Roman energy was immediately directed to the subjection of that great continental province to the north of the Apennines, without the assistance of which Hannibal and his Carthaginian armies would have been helpless.

### Collapse of the Imperial Authority

Cisalpine Gaul was subdued by 191 B.C., and during the ten following years it was brought into the Roman road system and the formal Roman administration; but until the very end of the Republic it remained a separate province; from 43 B.C. it became a part of Italy, which thus attained its natural confines.

The destruction of the Carthaginian power had other results besides the Roman conquest of Cisalpine Gaul. The whole of the Mediterranean was brought into the Roman system; Corinth was occupied in the same decade as that which saw the destruction of Carthage; Greece, Syria, Egypt were to follow; the Mediterranean provinces of Spain, the corresponding belt of Southern Gaul, the fruitful littoral of Northern Africa fell into the hands of Rome.

It was a world in itself, but without confines. It was to find these confines that Rome was compelled to conquer the whole of Spain, and, most important of all for the future, Gaul and Britain, and to push into the Germanies, until the final frontier of that world was found—the lines of the Rhine and the Danube.

Thus was Italy established as the head and heart of Europe, with Rome as the soul thereof. In the moment of her maturity, as has been well said, she accepted the Catholic Faith as her religion.

Of the real causes of the decline of the Roman administration we are for the most part ignorant. The spectacle we see is that of a great and wealthy military State, gradually becoming inefficient and threatened with bankruptcy. In all this failure and consequent anarchy, Italy,



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though distracted by mutiny, by invasions, by conquest and re-conquest, remained the still beating heart of that universal thing, which was in paralysis; while Rome more and more appeared as its soul, as, little by little, the heir of that universal government appeared in the Catholic Church.

After a distracted century, which began with the invasion of the mutineer Alaric (A.D. 410) and the threat of the mere barbarian Attila, the imperial authority collapsed (476) in Italy, where the barbarian Odoacer, another mutinous soldier of the Roman service, established himself until overthrown by Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, at the re-conquest of Constantinople.

### Light Appears Amid the Darkness

This great man and his great minister Cassiodorus, though they used Roman forms and Roman laws, for there were no other, were unable to establish a permanent State. Constantinople, under Justinian, finally cleared out the Ostrogoths in the bitter re-conquest of Italy by the armies of Belisarius and Narses (553), and Italy again entered the Imperial administration, being governed by an Exarch at Ravenna.

The country, however, was helpless before the new invaders that appeared in 568, when the Lombards overran Northern Italy, and in the following two hundred years practically extinguished the Imperial authority in the peninsula. Indeed, it may be said that only Rome remained, and was herself on the eve of falling into their hands when the new Latin authority at last declared itself, all this darkness and confusion was suddenly penetrated by a great light, and the Pope, Stephen II., crossed the Alps and persuaded Pepin to march upon Italy. Pepin was King of the Franks, and the Franks alone of all the barbarian peoples were Catholics. They came and they conquered; they took from the Lombards a great part of the Exarchate and gave it to the Roman Church.

### Charlemagne Crowned by the Pope

Later, in 774, Pepin's son, Charlemagne, entered Italy again at the call of the Pope, Adrian I., broke the Lombard kingdom, and gave practically the whole of the Exarchate, the seat of the Imperial authority, to the Church. The new Latin authority in whose hands the future of Europe was to lie for so many hundred years had appeared. It was the Pope. And Italy and Rome were once more to be the seat of a universal authority in Europe. On Christmas Day, 800, the Pope re-established the Empire in the West by crowning Charlemagne as emperor.

This tremendous act, the crowning of Charlemagne by the Pope, followed though it was by enormous disaster, in which Europe was imperilled as never before or since, was the beginning of the resurrection of Latin power in Europe; of Latin thought and order and civilization. Upon it, rightly understood, stands the whole of the medieval and, therefore, of the modern world. The peculiar and special development of Italy, not on national but on universal lines, really depends upon it.

It involved enormous consequences, among others these: that the best energies of Italy, as of the Germanies, for the Imperial authority became German with the Ottos, were intent not upon a particular but upon a universal thing, and the dream of a universal authority in Europe faced, with an ever-decreasing chance of success, the passion of nationalism, which was to be its relentless foe.

Italy, when the Middle Age began to emerge from the Dark Age in the tenth and eleventh centuries, was the battlefield and the bone of contention of the two universal powers—the Papacy and the Empire. The donations of Pepin, of Charlemagne, and later of the Countess Matilda, had established the Papacy as a great Temporal Power in Italy, which endured until 1870; but its very existence as such was necessarily contested by the Empire.

### Conflict of Papacy and Empire

To defeat the German Emperors the Popes successively used in Italy the Normans, the French, and the Spaniards, as they had called in Pepin and Charlemagne against the Lombards. Thus, in the earlier medieval Italy, with the exception of Venice, which was founded by the refugees from the mainland in the time of the barbarian invasions, and was by its geography inaccessible, and therefore independent, every city and every province of Italy was a fief of the Church or of the Empire, and later, more especially in the north and centre, became passionately Guelph—i.e., anti-imperial, or Ghibelline—i.e., pro-imperial.

The Papacy, which in Italy was certainly very much more national than the German Imperial Power could ever be, succeeded in finally ruining that power in Italy with the defeat and fall of the Hohenstaufen by means of the Angevin she had called into Italy. But long before then the burgher classes and the merchants had created the cities and the communes by their energy, and were busy, first in curbing and then in expelling the nobles, almost exclusively of Teutonic descent, who had been introduced into Italy as the representatives or the dependents of the Imperial power.



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The rise, the splendour, and the decadence and disappearance of these city communes, especially in Lombardy and Tuscany, fills the Middle Age in Italy; and though not a single one of them remained free beyond the middle of the fifteenth century, the world owes them more than it is ever likely to acknowledge on account of their enormous service to all that we mean by civilization, culture, and political freedom.

It is impossible here to put the reader in possession of the variety, the political confusion, and the energy of Italy, when, in these little cities, nothing less was accomplished than the resurrection of

Roman law (Iinnerius), and the formulation of canon law (Gratianus), the creation of modern art (Giotto, Donatello), of a vernacular literature which has influenced the entire world (Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio), the revival of learning (the Humanists of the fifteenth century), the birth of natural science (the medical school of Salerno), the erection of the first European universities (Bologna and Padua), the inspiration and the energy of the mendicant orders (S. Francis, S. Thomas Aquinas, S. Catherine of Siena, S. Bernardine).

Meantime the Papacy, which with Gregory VII. had begun its great rôle of



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arbiter of the world, and with Innocent III. (d. 1216) seemed to have reached its goal, became the creature of France with the death of Boniface VIII., and a few years later the Babylonian captivity in Avignon, which endured through the great part of the fourteenth century. But with the decadence of the Imperial power and the absence of the Papacy, Italy generally became subject to a host of despots, who without legitimacy of any sort seized power wherever they could.

## Tyranny of the Great Families

Thus appeared the Sforza, first in Ancona and later in Milan, the Scaligers in Verona, the Baglioni in Perugia, the Malatesta in Rimini, and, indeed, though differently, the Medici in Florence, together with a host of others—individuals of great personal force, condottieri as in the case of Sforza and Malatesta, who seized what they could for their own personal benefit, and sometimes became, as in the case of the Medici especially (who rose from the merchant class to the rule of Florence, in which they preserved the outward aspect of a democracy), great patrons of the new learning and of art. One family of despots—the house of Este at Ferrara and Modena—stands apart by reason of ancient blood and long-established sovereignty.

In so far as the States of the Church (Umbria and the Marches) were concerned, the minor usurpers were cleared out by a great Spanish captain in the service of the absent Pope, Cardinal Gil d'Albornoz, who largely restored the Papal authority, which was not fully reinstated, however, till the end of the great schism and the election of Martin V. as Pope.

## Emergence of the Italian States

The fifteenth century saw this work thoroughly achieved, and the emergence of five great States in Italy—namely, the Papacy, Naples, Milan, Florence, and Venice. Of these five States Venice was the most powerful. But this was not to endure. In 1494 Charles VIII. invaded Italy at the call of Milan, conquered Naples in the following year, but lost it in 1496. Three years later, Louis XII. joined Venice and conquered Milan; but in less than ten years we see the League of Cambray formed against Venice, which temporarily loses its possessions on the mainland, and Spain, or rather the Emperor Charles V. and the King of France (Francis I.) from 1515 dispute the real mastery of the peninsula, till in 1525 Francis is taken prisoner at Pavia. The Treaty of Cateau-Cambresis (1559) established the Spanish predominance.

Thus by the end of the sixteenth century there remain but two great Powers in Italy, the Papacy and Spain, with Venice a bad third, and rapidly declining, but with the Duchy of Savoy, under Charles Emmanuel I., becoming an essential factor in Italian politics. All Tuscany had been formed in 1569 into a Grand Duchy under Cosimo de' Medici, the title of Grand Duke being granted him by Pius V.

The Protestant Reformation had largely no effect or influence at all within the peninsula, except in so far as it caused a reaction in the Catholic religion and policy. The genius of the people was against it.

It is usual to consider the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in Italy as a period of repose, but the achievements of Galileo, Campanella, Tassoni, Vico, Muratori, Tiraboschi, Gravina, Paroni, and Alfieri, to name no others, are sufficient to expose the superficiality of this judgement. Politically Italy was still universalist, indifferent to the nationalism that was springing up more and more fiercely all round her. By the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, Austria succeeded Spain in Milan and Mantua, and in 1737 obtained the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and, later, the Spanish House of Bourbon entrenched itself in the kingdom of Naples.

## Effects of the Congress of Vienna

It was upon this sleeping country, hardly aware of its own existence as a nation, and certainly unaware of the modern world, that the Soldier of the Revolution fell. The ancient Republic of Venice was extinguished by his guns in 1797, the greater part of Northern Italy became the short-lived Cisalpine Republic, the more ephemeral Ligurian (Genoa) Roman, and Parthenopean (Naples) Republics followed in 1798 and 1799. The Cisalpine Republic became the Italian Republic (1801), and ultimately was merged in the Napoleonic kingdom of Italy.

During the brief English protectorate of Sicily in 1812, that island had been given a constitution. It must be said, however, that of all the Italian States, Piedmont alone had developed any trace of national character. But the fall of Napoleon and the Congress of Vienna restored the old situation, save that it left Venice subject to Austria, which thus became really mistress of all Northern and Central Italy, except for the States of the Church.

Italy then appears as consisting of the following States: The Papal States, the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies (Naples, the South, and Sicily), the Kingdom of Sardinia (Piedmont and Sardinia), the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, the Duchies of



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Modena, Parma, and Lucca (all with Austrian or Bourbon princes), and the Republic of San Marino. Lucca was a duchy under the Bourbons from 1817 to 1847. In 1847 the Duke of Lucca became Duke of Parma, and Lucca was annexed to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. Lombardy, Venice, Trent and Trieste and Istria remained part of the Austrian Empire.

From a modern point of view a more artificial state of affairs could scarcely be imagined. Italy was, in fact, "a geographical expression." There was, indeed, but one independent national

was to be formed and to grow. The annexation of Genoa to Piedmont in 1814 was the first step towards the union of the States of Italy into one nation.

It is part of the irony of things that the first step in that glorious achievement, as the last, was taken by a people who, as Bersezio says, did not even know that they were Italian; while it was De Maistre, a Savoyard born at Chambéry, a man who regarded the Pope as the source of all earthly authority, who advised Piedmont to "cultivate the Italian tendencies, they are born of the Revolution. Your method of proceeding—timid, neutral,



MODEL FARM PREMISES OF A SANDSTONE-CUTTER OF SETTIGNANO

The homely little village of Settignano lying on the southern slope of the hill of Fiesole is famed as the birthplace of Desiderio da Settignano, the celebrated Italian sculptor, pupil of Donatello, of the fifteenth century. Large quarries of sandstone, of which the hill is formed, surround the village, and the inhabitants are still known by the name of "stone-cutters"

State in Italy—Piedmont, with Turin as its capital and the House of Savoy as hereditary ruler. It was round this State—and, as it proved, this House—that the unity of the whole country was to be formed. But this was by no means clear from the beginning.

It is true, however, that it is in Piedmont alone, the least Italian province in Italy, that any trace of national character capable of action was to be found at this time. Piedmont alone possessed the necessary independence, stability of institutions, scarcely touched by the Revolution, and tenacity, to be that nucleus upon which the modern nation

suspensive, balancing—is destructive. Let the King make himself head of the Italians. This is vital, essential; words fail me, but this is my last word, my last expression—if we stand uncertain and become an obstacle, requiem eternam."

The forty years that followed after the Congress of Vienna had thus apportioned Italy between the Pope, Austria, the Spanish Bourbon, and the House of Savoy, are full of a restless, if obscure, revolution, chiefly against Austrian rule; and this movement gradually forms itself under the banner of Piedmont, whose Prime Minister, Cavour, becomes the great brain of the new Italian unity, of



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which Mazzini is the voice and the prophet, and Garibaldi the soldier.

It is essentially of the Revolution, this movement—the Revolution is its impelling force, as we see in the figures of Mazzini and Garibaldi; but this force is controlled, used, and finally mastered by the brain of Cavour, who places Piedmont at the head of it, and assures its success. Thus the achievement of the unity of

was finally defeated at Novara, and the first war for Italian independence ended with the heroic defence of Rome against the French by Mazzini and Garibaldi, and of Venice against the Austrians by Daniele Manin in 1849.

The second stage is reached ten years later. In 1859 Cavour is in alliance with France; a second war of independence is declared, and, with the help of the French, the Austrians are defeated at Montebello (May 20), Palestro (May 31), Magenta (June 4), Marignano (June 8), and Solferino (June 24). Meantime, from Florence, Parma, and Modena the foreign princes had retired, and insurrection had broken out throughout the Papal States. The unity of Italy seemed to be within the grasp of Cavour, when suddenly he learned that, on July 8, Napoleon had deserted him and made an armistice with Austria.

There followed the "infamous treaty" of Villafranca, which the King of Sardinia was obliged to sign. By this treaty Lombardy was annexed to Piedmont, but Italy was left still in chains and still separated. The whole country was dismayed at such a peace; agitations arose in Milan, Florence, Modena, Parma, and other cities, and finally Count Cavour, enraged and disgusted, resigned.

Meantime, Garibaldi exhorted all Italy and all Italians to arms (July 19). The Grand Duke of Tuscany abdicated (July

21). In the following months Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and the Romagna entered into an alliance and declared for annexation to Piedmont, and by October economically they were one. That autumn was full of work.

In the following January Cavour was again called to office. In March annexation to Piedmont was voted by universal suffrage (plebiscite) in Parma, Modena, Romagna, the Marches, and Tuscany, and was accepted by the King. Meanwhile the French had been bought off by the surrender of Savoy and Nice, and their troops were withdrawn from Italy in May.

Far more glorious deeds were about to be accomplished. In November, 1859, Garibaldi had retired from the Piedmontese service. In May, 1860, he sailed



CHRISTMAS PASTORALE PIPER OF CAPRI

He follows a hereditary calling and pipes before the shrines and in the houses of the islanders at Christmastide, for the shepherds play at the birth of Christ and he holds that this act of devotion should be annually repeated

Italy was an act of the Piedmontese Government, whose reigning House then ascended the new throne of Italy. Italy was created as a political reality by a force outside herself, and Massimo d'Azeglio realizes this when he says: "Having created Italy, it remained to create Italians."

The innumerable incidents of this revolution, with its conspiracies, assassinations, risings, guerrilla war and reprisals, cannot be followed here in detail. It must be enough to mark its stages.

The first of these stages may be said to be the formation of the Young Italian Party by Mazzini in 1831. There followed the insurrection in Lombardy and Venice, in March, 1848, which was supported by Piedmont. But the army of Piedmont



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with his Thousand from Genoa, landed at Marsala, in Sicily, assumed the office of Dictator, defeated the Bourbon army, and forced the Neapolitan Government to agree to evacuate the island. In August he landed at Reggio, in Calabria, and in September entered Naples, the King retiring to Gaeta. There followed the revolt of the Papal States and the entry into official action of Cavour.

### Kingdom of Italy Established

On Sept. 11 the Piedmontese troops entered the States of the Church, defeated the Papal army at Castelfidardo on the 18th, and took Ancona on the 29th. On Oct. 4 Victor Emmanuel II. took command of the army of Piedmont. On the 15th he marched on Naples. Garibaldi had defeated the Neapolitans at Volturmo on Oct. 1, the King defeating them at Isernia on the 17th; on the 26th King and captain met, and Garibaldi greeted Victor Emmanuel with the title "King of Italy."

On the 21st, by plebiscite, Naples and Sicily had voted for annexation to Piedmont. On Nov. 7 Victor Emmanuel entered Naples as King, and Garibaldi retired to Caprera. The fugitive King of Naples was besieged in Gaeta, which on Nov. 3 was attacked by sea; but the attack was prevented by the French fleet, which did not retire till the following Jan. 19, when the fortress surrendered after heavy bombardment, and Francis II. retired to Rome.

On Feb. 18 the first Italian Parliament assembled at Turin, and declared Victor Emmanuel II. King of Italy. On March 31 following, Great Britain recognized the Italian kingdom and Italy as a nation. The French recognition followed on June 24, eighteen days after the death of Cavour (June 6).

### Active Protest of the Papacy

The Pope not only protested against the new kingdom, but all Naples was unsettled by clerical intrigue. It was recognized that Italy was incomplete without Rome, its historic head and capital city. The next ten years, filled as they are by minor intrigues, are really a period of waiting for the opportunity to enter Rome—Florence, in 1864, being proclaimed the capital of Italy. Garibaldi, the great if impatient captain, moves across the scene a little tragically, enters Sicily, and at Marsala calls for volunteers and gives his watchword, "Roma o morte." The Italian Government was obliged to act, and presently at Aspromonte made him prisoner (Aug. 29), but on Oct. 5 he was pardoned.

All was going well, and the new kingdom gradually establishing itself, when war

broke out between Prussia and Austria (June 18, 1866). With the former Italy had allied herself in the previous May. On June 23 the Italian army crossed the Mincio against Austria, and was defeated at Custoza on the next day. That was a year of defeats for Italy. In July the Italian fleet was utterly beaten by the Austrians at Lissa. But Prussia made up by her victories for the Italian failure, and by the Treaty of Vienna Venetia was freed and by plebiscite voted for annexation to Italy (Oct. 21, 1866).

In the following year Garibaldi was again busy, notwithstanding the defeats of the previous year, in organizing attacks upon and risings within the Roman territory. In spite of the efforts of the Italian Government he succeeded in crossing the frontier, in defeating the Papal troops, and in taking Monte Rotondo. Inevitably this brought in the French, whose army arrived in Civita Vecchia, two brigades entering Rome for defence of the Pope. There followed Garibaldi's defeat at the hands of the French and Papal troops at Mentana (Nov. 3).

### Rome, the Capital of United Italy

Less than three years later the real opportunity for the occupation of Rome offered itself with the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War (July, 1870). The Pope could no longer expect help from France, the French troops were withdrawn, and in September the Italians entered Papal territory, occupied Viterbo on Sept. 12, and Rome itself, after a formal resistance and attack, on Sept. 20, by a breach in the Aurelian Wall by Porta Pia.

By plebiscite the Papal territory voted for annexation to the Italian kingdom (Oct. 2). On Dec. 5 the King declared Rome to be the capital of Italy, and the city which had for nearly 2,000 years been the capital of the world became the capital of the new Italian kingdom.

Thus was Italy finally established as a nation in some fifty-five years from the Congress of Vienna which had divided her up as one divides a dead body. It was not too hard, one might think, to get rid of the petty Austrian or Spanish princelings or kings, or even, with the military assistance of the French, to turn Austria out. It was, however, a different thing to dispose of the Papacy—which, in fact, had an indefeasible right in history, and a citadel in the majority of Italian hearts.

Rome has become the "capital of Italy," but it will always remain the city of the Pope for the rest of the world. Nor is there any real danger of conflict. If the last thing the Pope desires is to leave Rome, the last thing Italy desires



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is to see him go. The first years of bitterness are over already, and the sweetness of the Italian temperament, as well as the historic sense and, indeed, the very acute sense of advantage of the Italian people, will easily accommodate and later welcome the presence of the Pontifex Maximus in the Eternal City. What danger of trouble there may be would arise from a situation in which the Italian Government and the Papacy were in too close accord, which might well be a source of suspicion to the rest of the world.

The last fifty years of the history of Italy, 1870-1920, have been chiefly complicated by the establishment of the country upon a sound financial basis, by certain Colonial adventures, and by the Great War of 1914-1918.

The protagonists of the long struggle gradually disappeared—the great Cavour had died in 1861; Mazzini passed away in 1872; Victor Emmanuel in 1878, and within a few days Pope Pius IX. followed him; Garibaldi alone remained, to die at Caprera in 1882. A later figure, lesser, it is true, than these heroes, but one who had played a very great part in the financial problem of the kingdom, lingered on to die in 1884—Signor Sella, Minister of Finance.

### Colonial and European Policy

The attempts of the Italians to colonise in Africa have not been very successful. In 1885, following a trading company, they were officially in Massawa, on the Red Sea, where they established a government. In 1888 Italy annexed the place. This was the beginning of the Colony of Eritrea. The colony of Italian Somaliland, which lies between British Somaliland, Abyssinia, and Kenya Colony, was another attempt to establish a successful colony in Africa. These colonial adventures involved Italy in a war with Abyssinia which, in 1896, culminated in the disastrous battle of Adowa, where 7,000 Italians fell and 1,500 were taken prisoner.

In 1912 Italy obtained the territories of Tripoli and Cyrenaica from Turkey. At Paris, in 1919, Italy was able to retain possession of the island of Rhodes which, with the rest of the Dodecanese, she had held since her war with Turkey, and to obtain certain territorial privileges in Asia Minor.

During the years between the final establishment of the Italian kingdom and the Great War, Italy had been well governed and administered, had become solvent and even well-to-do, and more and more had come to count for something in the councils of Europe. She ranked as a first-class Power, a position which the Great War showed to be a reality. The chief Ministers under whom she gradually

attained this position were Crispi, Giolitti, and Sonnino.

As Europe more and more came to be divided into two camps, Italy, who as an insurance against her old enemy Austria had joined the group known as the Triple Alliance (Germany-Austria-Italy) came to play a moderating part. She is believed to have made a Mediterranean agreement with Great Britain, and though it was never in her power to maintain a balance, she inclined steadily towards a central policy, leaning, as things grew worse, towards the group France - Russia - Great Britain, and at Algeciras played a very useful role.

### Italy's Part in the Great War

When war broke out in August, 1914, Italy, though a member of the Triple Alliance, declared her neutrality because, as she claimed, the war was a wanton attack on France and Russia. Her neutrality had very great consequences. It gave France and her Allies the moral victory from the first, and it materially saved the situation, which would, to say the least, have been much more serious even than it was in the early weeks of the war had an Italian army attempted to outflank the French upon the south-east.

In May, 1915, after the signature of the Treaty of London, Italy entered the war on certain terms, most of which she was to forgo. For long, quite alone, she successfully faced and thrust back the larger Austrian army which opposed her, and was successful in entering Gorizia. Many of her heroic soldiers were for years fighting at such a height among the Alps that they were for long months amid the snow.

### Victory—and After

In October, 1917, she suffered her first real setback. This was at Caporetto, and it developed into a serious defeat, in which her Second Army was destroyed and she lost 2,500 guns. Driven back on to the Tagliamento, she fell back on to the Piave, where she stood at bay. By this time English and French armies and guns were in support, though not in action, and they remained to assist her till the victory of Vittorio Veneto (October, 1918), on the eve of the German collapse. The marvellous and wholly Italian stand upon the Piave is one of the greatest glories in Italian history.

At Versailles, Italy played a far less brilliant part than might have been looked for. The countrymen of Machiavelli were quite overmatched and outplayed by the Americans, the French, and the English. Baron Sonnino, the Italian Foreign Minister, had, in fact, a case that circumstances, which the war



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had developed, made almost untenable; he was a man who would have been in place rather at the Congress of Vienna, among gentlemen and diplomats, than at the Conference of Paris among the representatives of the American, French, and British democracies. They were far too well practised in the "new" diplomacy and the "new" politics for him to be able to cope with them, or even understand them.

Italy emerged from the war victorious, with her Allies; but, like every country caught in that appalling catastrophe, she emerged enormously weakened in every department of life, the bonds of her

society loosened, her finances in chaos, her lira worth about a quarter of its normal value, and burdened with huge foreign and internal debts.

Like France and Belgium and other countries, she beheld more than one of her provinces devastated and in ruin. Her loss in dead reached the awful total of six hundred thousand.

To balance this, she may be said to have gained at last her natural frontier of the Alps, with Istria, but not Fiume, within the kingdom. To-day, while yet reaping the aftermath of war, she faces an uncertain future, perhaps with more hopefulness than any of her late Allies.

## ITALY: FACTS AND FIGURES

### The Country

Central peninsula of southern Europe. Includes Sicily, Sardinia, and smaller islands; also, since the Great War, the Trentino, Gorizia, Gradisca, Alto Adige, Carniola, Trieste, and Istria. Total area about 118,130 square miles; population about 40,070,000.

Dependencies include (1) the Colony of Eritrea, on the coast of the Red Sea, area about 45,800 square miles, coastline 670 miles, population 405,700; (2) Italian Somaliland, East Africa, area 139,430 square miles, population about 650,000; (3) Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, or Libya Italiana, in North Africa, area about 406,000 square miles, total population estimated at about 1,000,000, of whom 30 per cent. are Arabs, 40 per cent. negroes, 20 per cent. Jews, and some 10 per cent. Europeans; (4) Concession of Tientsin, area about one-fifth of a square mile, population about 10,000, mainly Chinese.

### Government and Constitution

Limited hereditary monarchy. Legislative authority vested in King and Parliament of two Houses: Senate consisting of princes of the Royal blood and unlimited number of Senators nominated by the king for life, and a House of Deputies (535 in number). Universal suffrage for men and women twenty-one years of age, and for men less than twenty-one who performed military service during the Great War. Proportional representation and scrutin de liste introduced in 1919. The kingdom is divided into 508 electoral districts, subdivided into 19,508 sections. Duration of Parliament five years. Chief elective local administrative bodies are the communal and provincial councils, members of which are elected for four years.

### Defence

Service in army or navy compulsory and universal for nineteen years from the age of twenty—two years in regular army, six years in reserve, four years in mobile militia, seven years in territorial militia. Active army establishment (1921), 250,000 men. Military police (Carabinieri) recruited by selection from army. Special African corps of 8,600 in Erythraea, and native corps of 4,700 in Italian Somaliland.

Navy includes five Dreadnoughts, three pre-Dreadnoughts, three armoured cruisers, eighteen light cruisers, scouts and flotilla leaders, two torpedo gunboats, sixty-five destroyers, ninety-

one torpedo boats and forty-six submarines. Personnel of over 1,000 officers and 40,000 men.

### Commerce and Industries

Of 71,652,592 acres, 65,995,000 are under crops. Chief products: Cereals, timber, wines, maize, olives, oil, beans, chestnuts, rice, potatoes, lentils, fruit, sugar-beet, hemp, flax, cotton, sugar-cane, and flowers. Principal industries are hemp, linen, silk and cotton spinning, silkworm rearing, fisheries, and the manufacture of straw and felt hats, pottery, glass, alabaster, mosaics, laces, and motor-cars.

Mining developed in Sicily, Tuscany, Sardinia, Lombardy, and Piedmont: sulphur in Sicily, zinc and lead in Sardinia, marble, iron, copper, lead and quicksilver in Tuscany, and iron in the Abruzzi and Elba. Over 46,000 employed in quarries, over 2,304,000 in industrial establishments, and about 162,760 in the fisheries. Imports in 1920 (wheat, coal, and coke, and raw cotton important), estimated at £634,485,437; exports (raw silk and cotton manufactures important), £312,151,668.

Mercantile marine, 603 vessels of 1,075,200 gross tons. Normal value of the lira, 25.22½ to £1 sterling; in January, 1923, about 96 to the £.

### Communications

Railway lines, 9,741 miles (8,761 State owned). Telegraph lines, 35,205 miles; telephone lines, 19,374 miles.

### Religion and Education

Religion mainly Roman Catholic, but freedom of worship general. Education regulated by the State, which maintains public schools of every grade; religious instruction given where parents desire it; only lower grade instruction compulsory. Various disabilities imposed on illiterates. There are seventeen State universities, four free universities, and three institutions of university rank, in addition to technical establishments and a national institute for the instruction of illiterate adults.

### Chief Towns

Naples (population 697,900), Milan (663,000), Rome, capital (600,000), Turin (452,000), Palermo (346,000), Genoa (300,000), Florence (242,000), Catania (217,000), Bologna (189,800), Venice (168,000), Messina (150,000), Leghorn (108,600), Bari (109,000), Padua (105,000), Ferrara (102,500).





#### THE WATERMAN'S KNOCK IN TRIPOLI'S STREETS

Water supply in Libya is a problem which presents serious difficulties to the Italian engineers seeking to increase the productivity of the soil by irrigation and the health of the population by provision of pure water. Until Libya passed into Italian possession this vital matter was neglected, and even to-day water-sellers go from house to house distributing water of doubtful purity in their goatskin vessels



# Italy

## III. Peoples of Her Colonies in Africa

By L. J. S. Wood

Correspondent of "The Times" in Italy

OF the European States possessing direct or indirect control of the Dark Continent, Italy occupies a relatively subordinate position after Great Britain, France, Portugal, and Spain. Before her unification was completed she turned her eyes towards Tunisia, and for ten years after 1864 she cherished hopes of extending her influence over that part of North Africa.

Forestalled, however, by the French occupation of Tunisia in 1881, Italy adopted a forward policy in the Red Sea littoral. To-day, apart from the Tientsin Concession, all her overseas possessions are in Africa—Eritrea, the eastern portion of Somaliland, and Tripolitania and Cyrenaica (Libya Italiana).

The future of Italy's North African possessions lies in the land. As a trade outlet for products brought by caravan from the far interior they have yielded place to the Gulf of Guinea on the one hand and the Sudan railway on the other. Deposits—sulphur known, phosphates believed in, minerals guessed at—take second place to agriculture and pasturage. The climate is very similar to that of the drier parts of Southern Italy and Sicily, but favours the cultivation of such tropical products as the date palm.

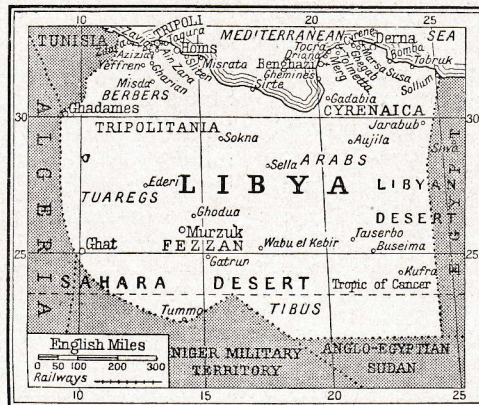
Much, if not all, depends on water, in particular degree the much-argued question of the soil of the coastal plain of Tripolitania. In this plain of from sixty to seventy

miles wide, between the sea and the mountainous tableland, with its spur to the sea near Homs, there are semi-nomad tribesmen, living in tents, with well-defined grazing ground and sowing barley regularly, but there is a large amount of land capable of cultivation, given water, though at first sight it may have an appearance of desert through having been out of cultivation for so many hundreds of years.

Except for one small stream at Derna there is no permanent river in the two provinces; there are torrent-beds, filled in the rainy season but dry for more than half the year, and there are wells. Wherever a satisfactory supply of water has been found there is a fertile oasis, generally on the coast. The rainfall in Tripoli averages sixteen and a half inches, in Cyrenaica it ranges from eight to twenty-three and a half inches. To be made profitable, agriculture will depend on irrigation by reservoirs and conduits for the water from the hills and on raising water undoubtedly percolating underground at varying depths.

Cyrenaica holds more promise than Tripolitania; the slopes of the hills

approach the sea more closely; its most fertile zone is the high ground extending from south of Benghazi as far as Bomba, called from its fertility and altitude, the "Green Mountain"—in comparison with the sandy steppes of the Great Libyan Desert,



ITALIAN LIBYA





**NATIVE VALOUR ENHANCED BY DISCIPLINE**

A soldierly and dignified figure despite his bare feet, and a born fighting man, this is an Askari trooper of the squadron of native cavalry included in the special African corps in Eritrea that is a substantive part of the Italian army

with its few oases, lying behind. The development of Libya Italiana has been retarded by the Great War, but the difficulties caused by restless and ambitious tribal chiefs are being eliminated methodically, and the natives—Berbers happily, Arabs with quite willing resignation—are settling down to the life of peace and gentle cultivation of the soil and pasturage with which they are contented if left undisturbed.

The word "Arab" is often used as a generic term in speaking of the population of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, but the old Berber stock forms a very considerable

proportion of this. The Berbers are a steadier race than the Arabs, contented with agricultural life, with less innate fighting tendencies. Nor is it correct now to look on the Arab of that district as nothing but a predatory fighter. He, too, now tends to settle down in a quiet life on his holding unless stirred up by some too-enterprising chief or instigator from outside.

In the region of Ghadames and Ghat the Tuareg element is strong, while the Fezzan is inhabited by a negroid population with some Arab and Berber admixture. Races have mixed, indeed, in an extraordinary manner, in the coastal towns and villages at least, the mixture of Arab, Berber, and negro from the interior producing "the bulky thick-lipped negroid, almost black, the slender thoroughbred of the pious legend, hook-nosed and bronzed, the white-faced degenerate that is not uncommon in the littoral,

and intermediate types as well." The negro admixture follows naturally from the close connexion between the Barbary States and the regions of the Niger and Lake Chad. Many generations of slave-raiding in the interior have had their inevitable effect.

The ex-Turkish provinces of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica were gained by Italy as a result of the war with Turkey, under whose domination they had been for less than a hundred years after a long independent existence as one of the Barbary States. Economically and commercially Italian interests and



### ITALY: AFRICAN COLONIES

activity had been strong on the Libyan coast, and the region between French Tunis and British Egypt had long been regarded as Italy's sphere of influence. War was declared on Sept. 29, 1911. In November of that year the two provinces were formally annexed, and were surrendered by Turkey at the Peace of Lausanne, Oct. 15, 1912, but the resistance of the natives continued during 1913 and broke out again as a result of the Great War.

The native population of Tripolitania is prevalently Mussulman of Malechite rite; there are a fair number of Jews,

a few Maltese, Greeks, Algerians, Moroccans, and Egyptians. Tripoli is the main port, and the centre from which the life of the country radiates; minor towns on the coast are Zuara, Zavia to the west, Homs, Tagiura, Misurata, Sliten, Sirte to the east, Azizia a short way inland but in the coastal zone, farther inland Cussabal in the Tarhuna, Garian, and minor settlements. Of the population of Tripoli itself two-thirds are natives and Jews. It has a fair harbour.

The life of the country is pastoral and agricultural in small holdings, producing



**SPIRITUAL GUIDES FOR LIBYAN CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS**

Bearded, stern-faced figures, whose native dignity is enhanced by their sombre robes and black turbans, these two Copts, priests of the ancient Coptic Church, are chaplains of an Askari regiment of the Italian army quartered at Benghazi. Seated between them is an army interpreter, whose bare feet are oddly incongruous with the khaki uniform and bandolier which he wears so proudly





#### FRIENDLY BLACKS AND KINDLY WHITES IN CONFERENCE

Their deliberations ended, these chiefs of the Middle Shebeli district of Italian Somaliland were gratified by being photographed with their benevolent governor. Well organized colonisation and scientific irrigation are turning their land into a prosperous agricultural region

grain, table grapes, henna, and olives, which now provide sufficient oil for home consumption; sponge and tunny fishing are sound industries; tobacco cultivation is progressing. Industry is growing for the preparation of local products for the market, hides, metals, wood, alfa, soaps. Native representatives have been granted a share in the parliamentary government.

Railways are open from Tripoli to Zuara, 80 miles; Tagiura and Ain Zara, 17 miles; Azizia, 32 miles; and others are prospected. There are 1,000 miles of roads in addition to caravan routes, the two principal of which, one going due south through Murzuk, the other farther west through Ghadames and Ghat, and both, with interior derivations, cover many hundreds of miles to the

heart of Africa. The caravans bring ivory, ostrich feathers, roughly cured sheep and goat skins, leather, woven fabrics from the Sudan; they carry back cotton and silk fabrics, linen and woollen burnous, coral and glass objects, tea, coffee, sugar, mirrors, rough paper, colouring materials.

While the natives generally speak Arabic or Berber, Italian and other European languages are common in the chief centres. Corn, barley, and maize flour, rice, potatoes, dates, native butter, a moderate quantity of meat, tea, coffee, are the main articles of diet; there is a great liking for sugar. Native clothing is universally maintained, some being manufactured at home, some imported.

The principal town and port of Cyrenaica is Benghazi. Smaller towns,





#### YOUNG MAIDS OF ITALY IN THE OLD TOWN OF TRIPOLI

There is plenty of colour and animation in Tripoli, the capital of the Tripolitania district of Italian Libya. It is an Oriental-looking town, with many arcaded streets, and, in the Turkish quarter, mosques and minarets breaking the monotony of the flat-roofed, whitewashed houses. The markets are thronged with a very mixed crowd of Arabs, Italians, Jews, Maltese, and negroes



#### WILD GRACE LEASHED IN SILKEN SCARVES

Very graceful posturing is the chief feature of the scarf dance of Libyan dancing girls, women of mixed blood, but often of prepossessing appearance. This girl adds variety to her performance by balancing a tray laden with tea-things on her head while sinking to and rising from her knees. The dance is performed to a monotonous accompaniment of drumming and clapping of hands





#### FROM TRIPOLI'S TOWER OF DARKNESS THE MUEZZIN CRIES

Every Mahomedan mosque has its muezzin, whose duty it is to proclaim the five daily hours of prayer—dawn, noon, four p.m., sunset, and midnight. The call, sounded from the minaret, comprises these sentences: "Allah is great" (thrice); "There is no God but Allah" (twice); "Mahomet is the Prophet of God" (twice); "Come to prayer" (twice); "There is no God but Allah" (twice)

with convenient harbours or anchorage, are found at intervals along the coast and in the immediate coast zone: Gadabia, Soluk, Ghemines, Driana, Tokra, Merg, Tolmeta, Marsa Susa, Cirene, Ghegab, Derna, with small but convenient harbour, Tobruk with large natural harbour. Sixteen miles of railway are open from Benghazi to Er Regina; in addition sixteen miles of the extension to Merg are almost completed. There are over 1,000 miles of roads and caravan routes taking motor traffic.

Of caravan routes proper the principal is that running due south to the interior via Unjanga, but much of the caravan trade which used to come to Benghazi is attracted to the Sudan railway.

Arabic and Berber are the languages generally spoken, with Italian quite common in the towns. As in Tripolitania, native costume is still worn. The main industry is agriculture. In the year 1919-20 100,000 tons of barley alone, of excellent quality, were grown; 31,000 tons of this were exported to



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Italy and elsewhere for malt. There are promising signs of cooperation between Italians and native occupiers of the soil for improved cultivation of the fertile regions near the coast. Tunny fishing is a sound industry; sponges also realize a large monetary return. There are natural salt marshes and sulphur deposits, which leave a margin for export, mainly to Egypt, over the amount required at home for agricultural and medicinal purposes. A very promising industry is that of carpets and allied products from the wool abundant in the colony.

The colony of Eritrea lies along the African coast of the southern portion of the Red Sea from Ras Casar, where it touches Egypt, to Ras Duneira on the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, where the Red Sea merges into the Gulf of Aden and the Indian Ocean. Its beginnings go back to the purchase by the Rubattino

Company for a coaling-station of the port and district of Assab, almost at the southern end of the present coast-line of the colony, from the Sultan of Rahaita.

The province was formed in 1890, established on a civil basis in 1900, its boundaries defined in 1908 after negotiations with the countries interested—England and Egypt, Turkey, Abyssinia—and a short period of fighting with the last-named, which included the expedition to Adowa. On the north and north-west it touches the Anglo-Egyptian frontier, on the south and south-west Abyssinia, at its south-east point French Somaliland. It includes a number of small islands, principal among them the Dahlar group off Massawa.

The colony naturally divides itself into two parts, north and south, about equal in extent of coast-line but unequal in territory. In the northern part it extends inland in one part as far as



TRIPOLITAN MODESTY STEALING TO THE MOSQUE

Virtually the only excursion abroad that the town-dwelling Tripolitan women make is to the mosque, and even that is almost furtive, as heavily muffled, they steal along in the shadows of the walls to the screened portion of the building set apart for them. Decorum requires these harem women to enshawl themselves in the manner observed by the second lady in this procession





SWARTHY CHARMS FROM LIBYAN SANDS

This dark-eyed Beduin girl with her metal trinkets comes from Cyrenaica, one of the two administrative areas of the Italian colony of Libya that stretches from the southern shores of the Mediterranean far into the Sahara

340 miles from the coast ; the southern part, Dancalia, is a low-lying strip about thirty-six miles wide along the coast of the Red Sea.

Characteristics of the country and the life in it are dictated by climate, which in the low-lying ground on the coast and in the interior valleys is tropical, the temperature sometimes reaching 120° in the shade, and similarly in the valleys tropical vegetation is found. The Abyssinian plateau, however, which covers much of the northern part of the colony, has a temperate climate with regular rains between June and September, and is largely an agricultural district, grain, tobacco, cotton, and coffee being cultivated.

The southern strip is wild, with a few fertile oases interspersed. Durra and

maize are grown, but the people are mainly nomads, living in tents and pasturing large herds of cattle, sheep, goats, and camels, with a local trade of meat, hides, and butter. Here and in the valleys of the interior big game is found—lion, panther, elephant, leopard, hyena, jackal, giraffe, hippopotamus, caiman, and monkeys in infinite variety.

The nomad population of the south is peaceful, and the Abyssinian fighting-blood of the highland people is now tempered. That they can still fight, however, was seen in the gallantry of the Askari, the Eritrean regiments in the Italian campaign in Libya in 1911-1912. They are slimly built, of no great muscular development, but capable of bearing fatigue to an unlimited extent. Their colouring

is bronze with paler shades, and here and there a darker strain, possibly negroid, though there are few traces of this or of Arab blood. They trace their origin back in tradition to the Queen of Sheba, and are, in fact, of Hamitic extraction. Their habitual dress is a pair of drawers, sometimes a shirt, always the draping sheet-like mantle.

The Askari are a simple people, their life, seen in such outward signs as agricultural implements, houses of rough stone and thatched roofs, cooking and other utensils, simple to the verge of primitive. If its inner signs are also simple, customs bear traces of a patriarchal civilization continuing throughout ages as regards marriage, birth, and death, respect for elders and social customs generally, and the Italian





#### HELMET AND MASK GUARDING BEAUTY'S FACE

Arabs, with a considerable admixture of Berber blood, are the dominant element of the coastal population of Italian Libya. They have dark skin, oval face, aquiline features, and straight, black hair. The women, many of whom are handsome, live secluded lives, and out of doors muffle themselves in shawls, also concealing the lower part of the face with the thin dark covering here shown



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authorities have wisely allowed administration in social matters to continue on old-established lines.

In religion the majority are Mahomedans or Coptic Christians, with a few Roman Catholics. They are generally a temperate people, drinking a mild beer made of durra grain, eating a little meat and various breads made from corn, maize, barley, durra, ground by women between two stones. The old Semitic language, Tigrai, is generally spoken. There are few Jews, and these isolated.

Mixed marriages between Europeans and natives are not recognized.

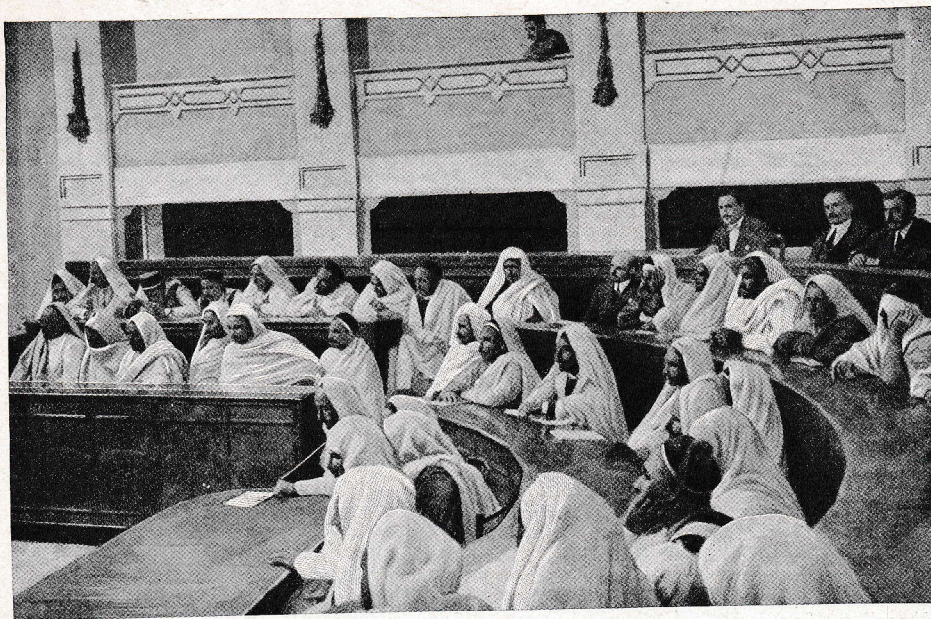
The development of the colony has proceeded slowly but surely. There are several ports with safe anchorage, principal among them Massawa, with over 1,000 feet length of quay space. There is a railway thence to the capital, Asmara, sixty-three miles inland, 7,600 feet above sea-level; railways are under construction from Asmara to Cheren and to Agordat. In addition to the numerous caravan routes to the interior



### SONGS OF LAUD AND HONOUR AT JEWISH NUPTIALS

Jews of the Libyan coast towns are of finer type than those of Palestine and Egypt. They avoid fusion with other races, marrying only among themselves. At a Jewish wedding in Tripoli, the bride is brought to the synagogue heavily veiled, and two of her women friends sing a song praising her and her bridegroom's virtues, the children of both families accompanying it with hand-clapping





#### ARAB M.P.'S PLAY THEIR PART IN THE PARLIAMENT AT BENGHAZI

For administrative and military purposes Italian Libya is divided into two provinces—Tripolitania and Cyrenaica—each under a governor. A secretary-general organizes and supervises the civil administration in each, and in both provinces there is a small local parliament elected by all citizens, the natives having equal rights with the Italians. The Cyrenaican parliament sits at Benghazi.

a number of roads radiate from Asmara, with a motor service on several, feeding the caravans.

The rivers of the colony generally have no great flow of water, though the Gash is utilised to irrigate nearly 4,000 acres in one spot and plans are on foot for storage reservoirs, whereby it is believed cotton can be grown largely and profitably even in the low-lying country on the coast.

Italian Somaliland is formed of a strip of territory running down the East African coast of the Indian Ocean from Cape Guardafui to the frontier with Kenya Colony near Port Durnford. On the land side it touches British Somaliland, Abyssinia, and Kenya.

The northern portion comprises the Italian Protectorate over the Sultanates of Obbia and the Migiurtini and the territory of Nogal by arrangement with Great Britain, Abyssinia, and the Sultan of Zanzibar in 1889. In 1905 the latter also sold to Italy his rights in the ports of Benadir, the southern part of the colony, the frontiers of which were defined in 1908 by agreements with

Great Britain and Abyssinia, and have been extended to include farther British East African territory.

In general it is a wild country with a rocky coast, especially in the north, where the hills rise directly from the sea. The towns—Alula, Illigh, Obbia the principal—are little more than coast settlements; ports with reliable anchorage are lacking. Interspersed, however, in the prevailing sand dunes are many fertile oases with satisfactory pasturage ensured by rainfall and the percolation of the water from the hills. The southern portion, Benadir, holds out far better prospects. The country here rises slowly from the coast to the interior plateau, which is drained by two important rivers, the wealth of the colony: Webi Shebeli, which, after approaching the sea and running parallel to it for a hundred miles, finally spreads and loses itself in the dunes without finding direct outlet; and the Juba, the outlet of which is just north of Kismayu.

The development of the fertile country on and between these two rivers has been in progress for some years; a



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great impetus was given to it by the expedition of the Duke of the Abruzzi and the resulting project for extended irrigation, including a barrage at Scidle. Both these rivers are navigable, the Juba for over 150 miles, the Webi Shebeli for over 100, and on each a fleet of small passenger and cargo vessels is working. Cotton principally, but also sugarcane, tobacco and grain are in view for extended cultivation. The Webi Shebeli is distant only twenty miles from Magadoxo, the main port of the colony, with good anchorage. While the climate, if tolerable for the tropics—the temperature on the coast ranges ordinarily from  $72^{\circ}$  to  $86^{\circ}$ , inland from  $65^{\circ}$  to  $104^{\circ}$ —does not allow heavy labour by Europeans, native labour is available and adaptable under European direction.

The country is but thinly peopled. The Somali proper are naturally nomads, prevailing in the northern part of the colony, breeding ponies, sheep, cattle, and camels; but there are also permanent small settlements, mainly on the coast, and some traders with caravans. The mixing of Somali with other tribes, while giving rise to a confusing number of dialects, has produced an artificer class, metal workers mostly making arms, also a servant class mainly hunters, and a poor beggar class. The best type is of magnificent physique, tall and strong, the women finely formed and attractive. Tradition assigns

them Arab descent, and Arab immigration undoubtedly took place. If at first the Swahili and Galla were driven into the interior, later the stocks got considerably mixed, at the expense of the Arab. In the coast towns mixed Arab and Somali settlements are found, in addition to Indian traders.

In the southern part the mixture of Somali with other tribes is most noticeable, the Shebeli peoples showing special characteristics suggesting Swahili and even a trace of negroid. They are a

primitive people, and naturally a fighting race, carrying spear, shield, short sword, and if possible a gun. The women wear a draped garment of cotton fastened on the shoulder, the men a loose covering drapery from the waist downwards. Naturally, too, they are suspicious of strangers, but with increased contact with Europeans, especially in the south, this suspicion is wearing off. Women take a subordinate position,

marriage is generally by purchase, polygamy is allowed but is decreasing. Their colouring is distinctly dark though not black, and in the interior verges on bronze.

Magadoxo is the main, the only good port, and the centre for radiation. A railway, already begun, is planned to reach Lugh, 240 miles from the coast, the principal trading station for the interior. In addition to caravan routes there are nearly 1,000 miles of roads capable of taking any traffic.



ERITREA AND ITALIAN SOMALILAND